PAGES 5 TO 8.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

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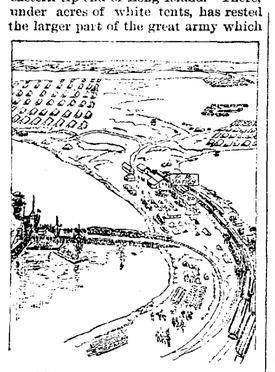
OUR BIG HOSPITAL CAMP

How Shafter's Invalid but Victorious Army Was Quartered.

RISE AND FALL OF CAMP WIKOFF.

A Sandy, Desolate Waste Which Was Changed in a Few Weeks to a Populous City—The Pathetic, Dwindled Glory of Montauk Point.

The most important center of martial interest, and there is still a whole lot of it in this country, is in the great hospital camp at Montauk Point on the eastern tip end of Long Island. There, under acres of white tents, has rested the larger part of the great army which



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF CAMP WIKOFF.

drove the Spanish out of the eastern end of Cuba and made Spain sue for peace at any price.

Today the greatness and sadness of Camp Wikoff has dwindled, for the heroes of Santiago have been furloughed and their places partly filled with troops who have seen but little active service. In a few weeks more it will be only a memory, but the spot where our volunteers camped after their brilliant campaign will always be a historic one.

It was the scene of rather a sad home coming for a victorious army. There were no flaunting banners, no bands playing, no cheering crowds. One by one the transports limped in with their decks crowded above and below with weak, sick soldiers. There is no such thing as overlooking the fact. Shafter's army, heroic and victorious, was a sick army when it reached Montauk Point.

For this reason the great encampment where nearly 20,000 troops have been quartered has been first of all a hospital camp. The surgeon was more needed than the general. The ambulances were busy while the field guns were neglected. The drill sergeants, if they were well enough, helped the nurses.

There are many unique things about this Camp Wikoff, as it is called. In the first place, its growth was remarkable. It is always an interesting sight to watch the sudden population of a waste place. Less than six weeks ago Montauk Point was almost bare of humanity and had been so for years. There were a lighthouse, a few summer cottages and a fisherman's shanty, all scattered about over an area three or four miles square. There was a diminutive railroad station with a single siding. Two or three trains a day came in and departed with almost empty cars.

Three weeks later Montauk Point was as populous as the residence districts of most cities and far more lively. Stretching back from the water and dotted around over the rolling hillocks were thousands of white tents. Dozens of one story board shanties, roughly and hastily erected, clustered around the enlarged railroad station. On a network of side tracks stood miles of cars, and every hour of the day trains arrived and departed. Wagon roads wound over the sand dunes and were traversed by ambulances, army carts, mounted officers and plodding soldiers on foot. Steamers of all sizes lay at the wharfs or rode at anchor in the bay. Here and there was an uncomplaining private on sentry duty.

Were it not for the occasional officers and sentries there would be little to identify this as a military camp. A small amount of soldiering has been in evidence. The civilian portion of getting things to eat was the most prominent feature of the activities. It is necessarily so, for there were 20,000 men plumped down in the sand 80 miles from the nearest base of supplies. So the canvas covered army wagons daily creak to and fro, laden with supplies from the distant commissary department.

There is nothing about the plain uniform of the private soldier, unless it is

GENERAL WHEELER AND COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT CAMP WIKOFF.

its color or possibly the cartridge web belt, to indicate their ideas. He might easily pass for the citizen of the frontier. He wears a blue shirt much faded by the southern sun, a pair of blue trousers that long ago have put away their look of newness, a campaign hat that is to last for all the world like the cowboy's headgear, a pair of canvas leggings and heavy shoes. Perhaps he wears a canvas uniform—it is all the same—and a pistol in a holster at the belt only makes his semblance to the ranchman or pioneer the more marked.

There were uniforms, though, that were beyond the possibility of description, real or fancied, but it did not spoil the picture, because you expected to see them there, and on the whole it was not hard to fancy you were looking upon a Wild West show scene constructed on a gigantic scale.

The wildest boom of a western mining camp never furnished an instance where the demand was equally inadequate to the supply. Ordinary rules of political economy work very queerly in army matters because of certain formulæ of procedure, sometimes disrespectfully alluded to as red tape, and supply does not by any means adjust itself to demand. In the course of time it has become possible to obtain most things at the camp. For the first few weeks even the commonest necessaries were beyond money, so far as immediate acquisition was concerned. There was but one restaurant in the entire camp, and that was on the hill overlooking the sea, three miles from the railroad station.

The soldiers needed a restaurant badly. For months they had been on army rations, and they were tired—oh, so tired—of the stuff. What is it in a military career that inspires a taste for pie? Some experienced army surgeon may carry the explanation locked in his brain, but up to the present the phenomenon is as dark as it is undeniable. If it were the New England regiments alone that evinced this dietetic peculiarity, it might be set down to the score of heredity, the birthright of the stock from whom came Emerson, who habitually wrote poetry after eating apple pie for breakfast, and it wasn't dyspeptic poetry either. But all the soldiers, from the colored troopers to the New York boys of the Seventy-first, pined for pie. They would tramp all the way to the station to get it.

Pressing necessity and the deadly monotony of food that was unvarying in nature and poor in quality led the regulars to look to nature for subsistence. Before the camp was pitched the slopes of Montauk Point were rich with the fruitage of the big blackberries in huge patches. The early comers found the patches so luxuriant of berries that one could pick a double handful by simply choosing a spot and plucking around him without moving.

Then came the regulars, half starved or worse, from their trip over in the ill provisioned transports, keen for anything fresh and juicy. All that could walk—and some few that actually crawled up the slopes—went at the ber-

CARRYING A SICK COMRADE.

ries at the first opportunity, swarming through the laden patches careless of the tearing thorns and picking berries, hats, tin cans—anything that would do for a receptacle.

After the foul food they had been eating the acid of the blackberries was as good as medicine. The men began to brace up and look better. The blackberries began to grow scarce. Foraging parties wandered wide afield seeking new feasting places, found a few blueberry patches and devastated these. Today one of Dewey's gunners would have a hard job locating an edible berry of any kind with a range finder within the radius of the camp.

Though the land has ceased furnishing subsistence there remains the water, and the regulars have turned fishermen, not for sport, but for the serious purpose of filling up an empty interior. The volunteers, it must be remembered, were fed during their stay on assortments of home prepared food in large boxes. In fact, one of the hospital surgeons actually complained that the volunteers were surfeited by jam and pyjamas, but the regulars, not being remembered in this way, went to fishing.

Later on the regulars received tardy dainties from thoughtful societies who heard of their neglected condition. Probably the most acceptable contribution was a load of watermelons sent to the colored troopers who fought so valiantly at El Caney and San Juan hill.

It has taken a long time to get the camp in shape, and probably there has been much mismanagement in some of the departments, but in spite of all this nothing could have been devised that would have been better for Shafter's fever shaken army. When the convalescent soldiers began to get the right kind of food, the natural advantages of the point did the rest. The dry, germ absorbing sand makes an ideal camping place, and the cool sea breezes which sweep through the hospital tents are far more healing than quinine and calomel.

The sick men whom official neglect kept on coarse army fare have gone or are now going to their homes, where is every comfort that food parents, proud friends and a grateful people can furnish, but Montauk Point will be long remembered. CYRUS SYLVESTER.

An Accident.

A man was asked the cause of his father's death, and replied that "while addressing a large outdoor assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the greatest interest, a portion of the platform upon which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." The man's father was hanged.—Chambers' Journal.

A Small Bull.

Mr. Carson, Q. C., addressing a jury said, "Gentlemen, the charges against my clients are only mares' nests, which have been traced to their birth and are found to have had neither origin nor existence." Mr. Carson is a member of the English bar, but he still remains an Irishman in speech.—London Globe.

Willing to Oblige.

An irrepressible poet wrote to an editor:

"I give you one more trial. Will you not send me a check for this?"

The editor replied:

"We have tried to check you for years past, but it really seems impossible."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT.

IT BEARS A RECORD OF THE VOLUNTEER'S INDIVIDUALITY.

Also Betrays the State From Which the Soldier Comes—Some Odd Whims and Queer Caprices to Which the Felt Head Coverings Are Subjected.

When our volunteers went out to the war, they were furnished, each and every one, with a campaign hat. As it came to the young soldier this hat was a wide brimmed, soft crowned affair of

CAVALRYMEN WEAR THEM THIS WAY.

felt in a neutral shade of brown. It cost him 87 cents. The crown was guiltless of creases, but stood up straight and sleek in sugar loaf fashion.

For a few days the volunteer wore his hat just as he received it, and many sailed away for Cuba with their headgear in the original shape. But months of campaigning have worked a wonderful change in the hat of the volunteer. We have seen many of them since they came back, and there is probably not one hat out of the 50,000 or more issued three months ago that does not now bear a speaking record of the wearer's individuality.

"I learned to tell what state a volunteer came from just by looking at his hat," said a returned war correspondent to me the other day. I don't believe he was exaggerating much either.

It is surprising to note the almost limitless changes which can be made in the pliable felt crowns and brims. It did not take the recruits long to discover that with a dash of water they could mold their hats to suit their fancy. And what whims did come to the volunteers during their idle hours in camp, on the transports and in the trenches!

Of course the regulars are too much creatures of prosaic habit to indulge in such caprices. The regular infantryman, no matter what his regiment, wears his hat in one particular style. He makes a careful crease in the crown, dents in the sides a little and lets the brim remain straight. The regular cavalryman, or the other hand, simply pulls the crown out to a point in imitation of the way the gauchos of South America and the Mexicans wear their hats.

But the unmannered volunteer has independent notions. The boys from New York and Pennsylvania and other eastern states make a sharp crease in the crown of their hats, turn the back of the brim up and pull the front of it down. It gives them a sort of rakish look, which they seem to appreciate highly.

It was only the new soldier who adorned his superstructure with the flag or a picture of Admiral Dewey. The veteran's artistic charts are in the direction of significance—it may be the thorn of a cactus, or the sting of a scorpion, or a sunken bullet whose sting was misdirected, or merely a hole which may represent either the pathway of a bullet or the action of a knife in the hands of the owner, with intent to deceive.

If the owner be a rough rider, the headpiece is likely to bear some legend "R. R. R.," for instance, or "Roosevelt's Terrors," or perhaps merely "1st Reg. U. S. Vol. Cav." extending half way around the curve. I saw one of

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA STYLE.

"Teddy's Terrors" the other day who had two Mauser cartridges stuck through loops made by cutting the side of his hat.

The more battered the hat the more the soldier is apt to think of it, for a battered hat ought to be prima facie evidence of hard campaigning. Many of the Seventy-first New York volunteers have returned without the metal insignia which serves to indicate the regiment and company and which should be attached to the front of the brim. The deficiency they have supplied by marking the necessary designation in ink. Underneath many of them have added the significant words "San Juan" and "El Caney."

SEWELL FORD.

Not Strong.

"He seems to be rather weak."

"He is. He draws a pension for an injury received during the war by the discharge of a blank cartridge."—Vim.

Knowledge Is Power.

"'Ere, Archer, yer saddle's hon the wrong way."

"Well, an 'owdger know which way I'm goin, eh?"—Punch.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"In the case of getting married," said the Cumminsville sage, "it often occurs that they begin with the dessert, follow it with a roast and find themselves in the soup at the finish."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Wanted a Change.

"Hello, Stubbsy. Your wife been regulatin you ag'in?"

"Yep."

"Well, wot are you lookin so blue about?"

"It's th' way she does it, Pete. Ef she'd quit a-clubbin me over th' head an jes' lame me in th' legs fer a change, I could git a pair o' crutches, an folks 'ud all take me fer a Santiaggy hero."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KING OF KLONDIKE.

"BIG ALEC" MACDONALD AND HOW HE GOT HIS MILLIONS.

From Turning a Windlass at $3 a Day He Has Become a Mining Plutocrat and a Speculative Plunger—Some of His Characteristics.

During the last two years several men have been given the alliterative title of "King of the Klondike," but to none has it been more fitting than to Alexander MacDonald. Physically, mentally and financially "Big Alec" is a leader. He has the largest interests and the most influence of any man in the golden district. Therefore he is interesting.

Alec MacDonald is one of the newly made plutocrats of the Klondike. Less than two years ago he was turning a windlass for $3 a day. At present his wealth is reckoned at about $3,000,000. His rise has been phenomenal. A native of Nova Scotia, MacDonald left that bleak and moneyless country to drift west several years before he had attained his majority. In Colorado he went to work in the mines, staked a claim and accumulated about $15,000. He thought he was a rich man, but he invested his fortune and lost every cent in much less time than it had taken him to get it.

Five years ago the big Nova Scotian drifted to Alaska. He had learned a lot about placer mining, but he was without capital, and so he was compelled to work for others. For three years he did this uncomplainingly. Then the strike was made on Bonanza creek. "Big Alec" took a vacation and joined the rush. He was late in starting, so the creek had been staked when he arrived. He returned and began to borrow money. Few among the miners had given him credit for possessing anything but muscle and a good heart, so it was with difficulty that he scraped together about $100. Then he went to his employer and resigned.

"I ain't going to work any more," he said. "I'm going to get rich."

The next thing that was heard from him was that he had bought No. 30 Bonanza from a discouraged prospector. For eight dreary months MacDonald worked his claim, living precariously. Then came the clean up. Well, "Big Alec" took $250,000 out of No. 30, and it is estimated that there is still something like $1,000,000 left in the ground. Refusing all offers to sell, MacDonald began to buy claims right and left. He plunged. Not only did he invest every dollar that he had earned, but went in debt for as much more as he could. Wherever there was a good claim he was sure to get either an interest in it or part of the one next to it. That is what has made Alexander MacDonald "King of the Klondike."

After him there are a score of men, one of whom is as rich as another. He is 6 feet 2 inches in height and not particular

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

as to the clothes he wears. In the front room of the little cabin where he rolls up in a blanket at night when he stops at Dawson are two boards propped against the wall. Only of late have the two boards risen to the dignity of three unassuming account books in charge of a man who is the king's secretary. But, having these luxuries, the king continues to carry his accounts in his head. How would he know that the account books were right if he didn't? As a boy he learned to read and write, which was considered enough for any boy in the rural part of Nova Scotia to know. If he had received an education, perhaps he would have more respect for written language. When a man goes to him with a long written contract, the king says:

"Now, I tell you what I'm going to do. I'll remember just what I told you, and I'll do it. If you don't like that, I'll do business with somebody else."

If he goes to any man in the Klondike and says, "I'll give you $20,000 for your claim a month from today," the man knows that he will see the $20,000 on that day.

The success of his clean up this year has made him literally a fetich. The first recommendation of a claim put forward by its owner is that the king has looked it over with a view to buying it. Probably the king has.

The king does not drink or smoke. He never plays faro or hangs about the saloons, and his legs are long. A part of his superiority is his physical fitness, for no man in the Klondike can travel so many miles between the different creeks and between the creeks and Dawson in a day as Alec MacDonald.

The king has an army of partners. A partner who will always be on the claim in serving his own interest by getting the most gold possible at the least expense out of the ground must also serve the king, and the king's long legs carry him about from property to property often enough and at such times as to protect the interest of partner against partner.

Most of the newly rich in the Klondike are inclined to buy the best clothes in the market, and they wear large nuggets on their watch chains and for scarfpins. The king dresses no better than any other workman, and this helps him to glean from the workmen the information that he needs.

The king is not fond of books or magazines or of the theater—not yet. He says he has never thought about getting married. He is as busy as a quartermaster in the army. Wherever he goes there are always men waiting to see him. He is prone to admit that he is a natural plunger; that he enjoys it; that he would rather tackle a big thing than a little thing any day. "So long as I stick to what I am doing now," he says candidly, "I am all right, but if I get to fooling with other things I may lose all I've got."

FRANCIS TALBERT.

BOLD BLACK FLAGS.

THE YELLOW REBELS WHO THREATEN THE CHINESE DYNASTY.

Some Are Barbarous Head Hunting Outlaws, While Others Are Men Who Have Been Educated In America's Best Universities—Why They Revolt.

The Black Flags, who are mentioned in the cable dispatches as creating a most lively and serious revolt in the southern provinces of China, are the survivors of the same desperate mob of outlaws which General Gordon tamed at the time of the Taiping rebellion. Joined with them, however, are many other rebels of a different class who unite with the Black Flags for the common purpose of overthrowing the present dynasty.

Probably one of the strongest branches, because it includes the most intelligent classes, is known as the Hing Chung Wooy. It is this organization of which Dr. Sun Yat Sen and many other Chinamen of American university training are leaders. Hing Chung Wooy means Chinese Progressive society, and, however absurd the idea of progress in connection with China might have appeared a score of years ago, it is no new thing in this age, when thousands of young Chinamen of the best class are sent abroad each year to acquire education on the European and American plan.

With a powerful organization in America, including a headquarters in New York and a center in San Francisco, the Hing Chung Wooy is probably one of the most formidable secret political agencies that ever existed. Fresh from their studies at the universities, with their imaginations all aflame at the idea of a free China, the young men of education have set themselves to the task of converting their humbler fellow countrymen in the city slums to the same lofty ideal.

How intense is their zeal for the cause can be judged by the fact that these enlightened Chinese will join hands with the cruel and barbarous Black Flags, who are as ignorant as they are fiendish and who fight more

BLACK FLAGS READY FOR BUSINESS.

for the lust of fighting than from any principles. They have always been against existing governments of all kinds and do not need the excuse now given, which is to the effect that they resent the advances of Russia and Germany in Chinese territory.

Dreaded more than all the others are the Black Flags of the Quang provinces. Quang Se is the southernmost province of China and lies directly north of Tonquin. Quang Tung borders the South sea and lies east of Quang Se. In these two provinces and in the island of Formosa, northeast of the shore of Quang Tung, the Black Flags have their homes. Until after the China-Japan war was over and China was whipped the Black Flags on the mainland did not figure much except as rioters. But in Formosa, which passed at that time into the possession of the Japanese, there was a long and hard fight with them.

The Black Flags are guerrillas, on whom the Chinese government can place little dependence. When France went to war with Tonquin, 25 years ago, involving China, most of the Black Flags stuck by China, though some of them, called afterward the Yellow Flags, split from the main body, having been bought by the French, whose arms they supported.

In 1873 the Black Flags aided in forcing the French from Hanoi, and, under Liu-Yung-Fu, their leader, they defeated the French under Garnier, killing that French officer. In 1882 they used up the French expedition of Riviere, killing that officer also. In 1884 they destroyed the French missions, massacring 10,000 men, women and children.

The insular Black Flags are head hunters, which pursuit they follow with passionate greed. The savages held the island before the coming of the Chinaman, and the conqueror took possession in the usual manner, earning thereby the undying hatred of men in comparison with whom the Chinese are civilized. These savages are as fiercely opposed to those of their own kind who have acknowledged the authority of the Chinese as they are to the Chinese themselves. The backsliders are looked upon as traitors who must pay the penalty at the first opportunity. So, while the head of a Chinaman is looked upon as a first prize, the head of a Pe-pe-hoan is regarded as a close second.

At last accounts the rebellion was still raging and bid fair to become even more successful than the Taiping revolt. Some of the most sanguinary encounters with the rebels took place at Wuchow-Fu in July. This is a walled town in Kwangsi, only 200 miles from Canton, and has 30,000 inhabitants. Wuchow-Fu is one of the three towns in south China which the Peking government consented to open as a treaty port by agreement with Sir Claude Macdonald, British minister to China, signed last February. The rebellion interfered so greatly with the trade carried on by means of the West river that the English sent two gunboats to aid in suppressing it.

HOWARD SPENCE SINCLAIR.

Long Headed.

Micky the Mouse—When are we go ing ter work de summer resorts?

Burgling Bill—Not till late in de season. Give de goils a chance ter git all de engagement rings dey can.—New York World.

Write Makes Might.

The defeated pugilist feebly wrote the following telegram to his friends:

"Glorious day for us. Landed solar plexus blow first round. Opponent knocked out; hasn't regained consciousness yet. I received no injuries whatever."

He had been in Spain during the war and learned how victories are won.—New York World.

Made Them All Work.

Mr. Luxoe—Then you don't believe in foreign servants?

Mr. Tariff—With a wife and three grown daughters? Not I. I believe in encouraging home industry.—Brooklyn Life.

Nothing In a Name.

"How did the horse Indiarubber come out?"

"Distanced."

"Blame it! I thought he'd win on the home stretch."—Chicago Tribune.

UNCLE SAM'S DOUBLE.

He Lives In Iowa and Is a School Superintendent.

In Davenport, Ia., lives a man who is a veritable double of the fictitious Uncle Sam. He is John B. Young and for 20 years has been superintendent of the school system of Davenport.

There is a striking resemblance between Superintendent Young and the man who is used to represent the United

JOHN B. YOUNG.

States in the pictures drawn by the political caricaturists. He has the same goatee, with smoothly shaven cheeks wrinkled by many smiles, while his mouth is firm and shows as great determination of character. If he were to wear the old white beaver that Uncle Sam usually has on his head and the trousers with straps, he would look as if he had stepped from one of the popular cartoons of the day. As it is, the stranger who is introduced to Mr. Young is instantly struck by the striking resemblance, and if Uncle Sam had not been drawn generations before Mr. Young's birth you would swear that the superintendent had been the model for the artists.

Superintendent Young comes of a long line of American ancestry and is as American in every respect as he looks.

ROUGH RIDERS' CHAPLAIN.

He Officiated In Overalls and Knelt In the Mud to Pray.

When Rev. Henry W. Brown, chaplain of the rough riders, returned from Cuba and landed in New York about two weeks ago, he paid a weekday visit to Grace church. It was the first time he had been in New York, and he wanted to see the famous old church. So he wandered in, dressed as he had been at the front, in a soldier's blouse, mud stained canvas trousers and an old gray shirt. New Yorkers have learned to know a returned rough rider as far as they can see one, and it was not long before Chaplain Brown's identity was known. He was asked to occupy the pulpit on the following Sunday night, and he accepted, preaching to an aristocratic congregation of 1,500.

Chaplain Brown is a young man, probably under 30 years old, tall and athletic, with a genial face and magnetic manner. He is a graduate of Oberon college and was successively head master of Trinity school and assistant rector of St. John's church, San Francisco. Previous to May 20 last Mr. Brown was the rector of the Episcopal Church of the Advent in San Antonio, Tex. On that date he resigned his appointment to become chaplain of the body of curiously variegated men which was being gathered together for fighting purposes by Theodore Roosevelt. He was with the regiment during the whole campaign, being the only chaplain present at every engagement.

Chaplain Brown insists that the impression that Roosevelt's men were

REV. HENRY W. BROWN.

"tough riders" as well as rough ones is a wrong one. He says during all his connection with the regiment he has never seen an action unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman. In speaking of this he said recently:

"I will give you an instance of the profound religious sentiment among those big, burly, brave fellows. When poor Hamilton Fish was buried with many others on the hills, the moment I spoke the words 'Let us pray,' without any further word every man removed his hat and went down on his knees in the mud, remaining kneeling throughout the prayers. They needed no word of command to do that.

"Within two days I read the burial service over 44 men. I did not confine my duties entirely to those unlucky men who were killed while members of my own regiment. I was in the 'Bloody Bend' of the army, as they called it. During the first battle and the forced scrambling marches my vestments were scattered all around, and I officiated at the funeral of Hamilton Fish in common overalls and a gray shirt. I paid no attention to the fringes of religion, and I rarely spoke in vestments, even when they were found after the fighting."

NEW NAVAL STATION.

NEGLECTED PANGO-PANGO HARBOR TO BE FITTED FOR USE.

How the Navy Department Will Utilize Our Diminutive Possessions In the South Pacific—A Magnificent Landlocked Bay. Can Easily Be Fortified.

The sailing of an expedition to establish a coaling station at Pango-Pango recalls the fact that down in the south Pacific, more than 600 miles below the equator, we own something like 100 acres of land and the water rights to a harbor as big as New York bay.

The harbor of Pango-Pango is in the island of Tutuila, which is the smallest and most easterly of the Samoan group. It was ceded to the United States by the treaty of 1872, both Germany and Great Britain acquiring coaling stations in the group at the same time. For more than a quarter of a century we have neglected our privileges there, but now that we have other Pacific possessions we are going to make use of Pango-Pango harbor.

Not only piers and coal sheds, but in all probability fortifications of some sort, will be erected. The navy department is now considering bids for the construction of the necessary buildings, and a corps of engineers and mechanics has been dispatched to the island to do the work. If fortifications are made, there will of necessity be a garrison located there, and some day you may be sending letters to a soldier friend addressed "Pango-Pango Naval Station, Samoa, U. S. A."

Besides making these arrangements the department has practically completed preparations for dispatching a large amount of coal to Pango-Pango. If the buildings are not completed by the time of the arrival of the coal, it will be dumped on the beach and will be transported to the sheds as soon as they are ready. The sheds will accommodate about 7,000 tons of coal. The supply will not be allowed to get low, as it is the administration's intention to send out shiploads from time to time, so there may be a quantity on hand in case of any extensive offensive operations in the far east.

Pango-Pango harbor is said to be the most perfectly landlocked harbor in the Pacific and an ideal port for a naval station. The entrance is three-quarters of a mile wide, with 36 fathoms of wa-

THE LANDLOCKED HARBOR OF PANGO-PANGO.

ter. Inside the entrance the water varies in depth from 6 to 18 fathoms. Naval officers say the place can be formidably fortified and will prove invaluable to the United States in case of war with a nation that maintains a Pacific fleet.

The harbor is protected from dangerous winds from any quarter, and there is not the slightest danger from hurricanes such as the one of Apia memory. It is in direct line of steamers to and from Australia and New Zealand and will prove a valuable port of call for vessels sailing between the United States, South America and the two large British colonies mentioned. For vessels from South America or those rounding Cape Horn for China and Japan Pango-Pango will be of even greater value. Via Honolulu Pango-Pango is 5,332 miles from San Francisco.

The harbor is on the south side of Tutuila island and is evidently of volcanic formation. It runs for a distance inland, with a tortuous channel, whose general direction is north, and then it turns almost at right angles around a rocky promontory guarded by a steep rock standing out in the sea known as Goat island. Just around the bend is another rocky headland called Swimming point, and the United States purchased and took possession of about 100 acres of land, which includes within its limits both these headlands.

A battery could be mounted on Swimming point completely commanding every foot of anchorage in the harbor, while every vessel entering the harbor would have to pass directly under the guns of the batteries that undoubtedly will be erected upon Goat island.

Tutuila is a mountainous island nearly 100 miles in circumference and containing about 10,000 inhabitants. The interior is so rugged and the jungle so dense that it is seldom visited even by the natives. There are comparatively few inland villages. The natural beauty of Pango-Pango bay is great.

Several years ago it was reported that England had seized Pango-Pango, and for a time the jingoes twisted the lion's tail right lustily, but the report turned out to be unfounded. No nation can dispute our title to the harbor, but we are likely to have some trouble with the native chief of the island.

It was only after much fighting and more bickering debate, the latter by no means yet ended, that the present chief secured the title of maunga. He regards himself so highly that he refuses allegiance to the constituted government of Samoa and looks upon King Malietoa as no more than an equal in rank, and a feeble equal at that. So far as concerns the American coaling rights in his bay he makes no opposition, but insists that they are based not on the Berlin act, but on the Narragansett treaty, entered into in 1873 between the maunga of that time and Captain R. W. Meade. A little diplomacy and the gift of a discarded silk hat would probably secure his firm allegiance.

C. J. BOWDEN.

Selecting a Part.

Chicago Actress—I should like to have a part in your revival of "Cinderella."

Theatrical Manager—Do you think you can play the part of Cinderella?

Chicago Actress—No-o, but I'd do beautifully as one of the sisters whom Cinderella's shoes wouldn't fit.—New York Weekly.

His Real Dread.

"No," muttered General Blanco, as he appended his name to his written resignation, "I am not afraid to stay here and meet the Americans, but I can't face that typewriter joke any longer. Human endurance has its limits."—Chicago Tribune.

Decreasing Sympathy.

Hitte de Rhodes—De latest news in dis paper warns us dat we must t'ink up a new dodge.

Walker Boutt—W'at's de matter wid dis Cubian insurgent scheme we has been workin?

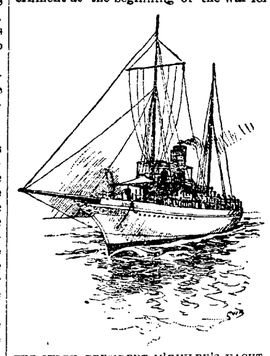
Hitte de Rhodes—Dis plan o' de political bosses t' cast reflections on de insurgents is a-workin, an we's got ter be mighty careful. I guess de best t'ing we kin do is t' begin tellin dat we wuz wid Cervery.—Omaha World-Herald.

THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT.

A Speedy, Comfortable Little Cruiser For the Chief Executive.

The steam yacht Sylph, which will hereafter be known as the president's yacht and which has been selected for the use of President McKinley, is a roomy, comfortable and speedy little cruiser, which will admirably suit the purpose. The frequent use of lighthouse tenders by Mr. Cleveland when he was president established something of a precedent for the maintenance of a president's yacht, and from now on this will probably be reckoned as among the perquisites of the chief executive.

The Sylph was purchased by the government at the beginning of the war for



THE SYLPH, PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S YACHT.

use as an auxiliary cruiser or scout boat. She was built at Roach's shipyard, Chester, Pa., and fitted with a battery of two 6 and two 3 pound rapid fire guns, as well as with the customary signal yards. The Sylph is a steel boat, 152 feet extreme length, 20 feet beam and 8 feet 9 inches draft. She is schooner rigged and fitted with two Almy boilers and a triple expansion engine.

She has a mahogany dining saloon forward on deck, with pantry connecting. Below aft she has four large staterooms finished in white and gold, a large main saloon, bathroom, lavatory and at the extreme after end a double stateroom for the captain and engineer, the crew's quarters being forward. She is lighted throughout with electricity. Below the cabin floor forward and aft are the water tanks, ammunition rooms and staterooms.

The Sylph was bought by the government when on the stocks, the speed required being 15 knots. This was exceeded on the trial by two knots, the official speed announced being 17 knots, with tidal corrections. The coal capacity is 50 tons. She was built with the idea of being a comfortable cruiser, and at the same time of light enough draft to enter most of our coast ports. She will be used by the president and cabinet on the Potomac river as the official yacht, and has been ordered to Washington to refit for that purpose.

BRAVE MISS WHEELER.

"Fighting Joe's" Daughter and the Work She Has Done.

The only young woman nurse to go into Santiago directly after its capture who was not a trained nurse and not an immune was Miss Annie L. Wheeler, daughter of "Fighting Joe." Brave and heroic was the work Miss Wheeler did there, facing yellow fever and other forms of disease. When the troops came north, she went along with them, busier than ever on the sick laden transports. There was no chaplain on the steamer so when some of the brave boys gave up the fight Miss Wheeler read the burial service over the canvas shrouded forms before they were committed to the deep. Since her return Miss Wheeler has been nursing in the fever stricken camp at Montauk Point. Isn't that a record to be proud of?

When General Wheeler told his family that he was going to war again, his daughter Annie said if he did she would go too. She laughed as she said it, but she meant every word. And go she did in spite of the earnest protests of her father and other members of the family. The government refused to accept her as a nurse, so she sailed for Cuba and applied directly to Clara Barton. Even after be-

MISS ANNIE WHEELER.

coming a Red Cross nurse she had to beg to be allowed to land, and it was only through her quiet persistence that she won her point.

She rode straight to the front, and there found her brother ill in a tent. She was nursing him when General Wheeler found her. He was furious and wanted to ship her right back home, but Miss Wheeler did not intend to go back, and so a compromise was effected. She was to go into Santiago after nightfall and put herself under Miss Barton's protection.

In appearance Miss Wheeler is slight and graceful, with blue eyes and waving brown hair. She is a society girl of the most charming southern type and has many warm friends and admirers in Washington, where she and her sisters are decided factors in the official life of the capital. Her quiet fashion of working toward her purpose shows in itself her dislike of any kind of sensation or notoriety concerning herself. Her story is a beautiful one—normal, exquisite in its self sacrificing love and devotion to her father.

ROOSEVELT AT HOME.

HOW AND WHERE THE LEADER OF THE ROUGH RIDERS LIVES.

Domestic Life of the Man In Whom the Political Boomers Are Taking a Lively Interest—Big House Filled With Children, Books and Guns.

A many sided man is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, organizer and commander of the rough riders, and so it is quite natural to expect that the gallant officer in the field and the same man at home would be two quite different individuals, and so he is. We have heard much about how he behaved during the Santiago campaign, where he gained a national reputation for fearless bravery, but of how and where he lives little has been said.

In view of the fact that Colonel Roosevelt is being talked of as a candidate for high political honors, not only his public service, but his domestic life becomes interesting. Home means a good deal to Colonel Roosevelt, much more than most people suspect. It was not the absence of family ties which led him to rush to the front. His family ties are many and strong.

In the first place, Colonel Roosevelt has a big and interesting family. He has five children, ranging in age from Alice, who is 14, down to Quentin, who has just begun to learn to walk since his father came home from the war. Three are boys and two are girls. Mrs. Roosevelt is a handsome young matron who is devoted to her children and proud of her dashing husband. She is a gifted, well educated woman, used to good society and the leader of a circle composed of refined people whose doings are not recorded in the so called "society columns."

Being a man of wealth, Colonel Roosevelt has several residences, but his home is always where his family is. Just at present home means to Colonel Roosevelt a big, comfortable country house near Oyster Bay, on Long Island. It is a large, homelike mansion of three stories and 30 rooms. The first story is of brick; those above are shingled in the style of the old Dutch and English house, surmounted by towering gables and enormous chimneys.

The house rests like a crown on the crest of Sagamore hill. On every side the grounds slope away to the woods, thence down through forest and meadow to the bay, which nearly encircles the Roosevelt property, leaving it on a peninsula, with a magnificent panoramic view of the entire bay and its headlands, Long Island sound and the Connecticut coast stretching for miles, a thin strip of green embroidery resting on a strip of blue—deep azure blue—dotted with sails and steamers.

Here Colonel Roosevelt, with his books, his children and his dogs, can take a birdseye view of life and affairs and con-

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT HOME.

template the varying events of our kaleidoscopic politics with profit if not with indifference.

Colonel Roosevelt's library of about 5,000 volumes may be said to fill the house. His books are everywhere, even in the bedrooms, parlor and dining rooms. They rise in tiers from every floor—rare old volumes, classics and modern works handsomely bound in red morocco.

The front hall is large enough for a reception room. There is a big, wide fireplace on the left of the hall, separating the entrances to the parlor. Above the mantel and over each door are many silvery heads of elk, deer, mountain sheep and rams, antelope and other trophies of Colonel Roosevelt's skill as a hunter. The floors are covered with the skins of bears, mountain lions, panthers, buffalo and other animals, hastened to an untimely death by the colonel. Nearly all of them are handsomely mounted.

Each of the principal rooms of the house contains similar trophies of the chase and loads of books. All, even the rooms of the top of the house, have big open fireplaces. Five tiers of books extend across two sides of the library. Big headed, glaring eyed skins carpet the floor. Easy chairs, wide enough for two aldermen to doze in, and a soft plush sofa invite the visitor to his ease.

At a medium sized flat top office desk, between two south windows, Colonel Roosevelt transacts business and dispatches his correspondence. A student's lamp and a large ornamental affair furnish light for the library and desk at night. There are bronzes and portraits of great Americans and a striking picture of his father.

The dining room, looking out on a part of the bay and sound, is a spacious, comfortable, handsome apartment, with carved chairs and sideboards. Here also are enormous heads of elk and buffalo and other animals killed by the Roosevelt rifle.

At the top of the house, three stories above, is the colonel's private sanctum. He calls it the "gun room." It fills the entire western gable, commanding a glorious view of Long Island sound. Oyster bay, shining like a mirror, recalls some sweet little Scotch lake, curling around promontories and woodlands, landscapes of gardens and villas. The Connecticut shore spreads away as on a map. It is a picture to cool the blood and cleanse the mind.

There are wagon loads of famous books on hunting and big game in the Indies and Africa, also more trophies, but the feature in which the colonel takes greatest pride is his cabinet of guns, which have served him well. Around these weapons is the history of his famous shooting in the Rocky mountains and the wilderness of the great northwest.

This is the home which Colonel Roosevelt left to step in a tent, suffer on transports and march through the heat and rains of Cuba's deadliest season. It is the home to which he has returned and to which shrewd political wire pullers are now bending their steps.

MARK NORRIS.

His War Dates.

"Can you mention the most famous dates of the war?"

"Guess I can. There's Feb. 7."

"Feb. 7? What happened then?"

"Thunder! I'm gettin things mixed. Thet's th' day I was married."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Matchless Love Stories.

Author (to editor)—My friends say that for a love story this one is matchless.

Editor—Then we don't want it. There must be matches in all stories, sir.—Boston Globe.

The Evening Sentinel

SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1898.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI. THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 11.

Text of the Lesson, Amos vi, 1-8 (Temperance Lesson)—Memory Verses, 3-6. Golden Text, Isa. xxviii, 7—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "Come and let us return unto the Lord, for He hath torn and He will heal us; He hath smitten and He will bind us up." The topic of this lesson is "Sinful Indulgence," and it is assigned as the quarterly temperance lesson. It is possible that the committee meant the first eight verses of chapter vii, for there is a reference in verse 5 to bottles of wine. But we shall in our meditation upon these verses consider the book as a whole and thus gather what we can of the mind of the Lord. Hosea in Israel was contemporary with Isaiah in Judah, as will appear by comparing Isa. i, 1, with Hos. i, 1. The great sin of both Judah and Israel was that of turning away from the Lord, as is simply stated in Jer. ii, 13, and God's constant cry to them was that they should turn to Him again. See Jer. iii, 1, 7, 12, 14, 22; iv, 1, etc. This Hosea urges them to do in the first verse of our lesson, identifying himself with them in their sins, as did all the prophets, typifying our Lord Jesus, who took our sins upon Him that He might save us. See Dan. ix, 5, 6, 8, etc., and II Cor. v, 21; I Pet. ii, 24.

2. "After two days will He revive us. In the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." All prophecy is full of a glorious future for Israel when their sins shall be blotted out, and they shall be a righteous nation before God in the midst of the earth (Isa. ix, 21; Jer. xxxi, 33, 34). In Ezek. xxxvii, 12, 13, and Dan. xii, 1, 2, this restoration of Israel is associated with resurrection. It is possible that in this verse there is a looking back to Isaac being given back to Abraham on the third day, a looking forward to the resurrection of Christ on the third day and to the restoration of Israel two days or 2,000 years after their scattering. Note also the references to the third day in the life and in the teaching of our Lord and take as a constant prayer "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection" (Phil. iii, 10).

3. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord; His going forth is prepared as the morning." It is written in John vii, 17, "If any man will do His will, he shall know." There must be a forgetting and a pressing on if we would know Him (Phil. iii, 13). Israel grew weary of Him and of His teachings and guidings, and they left off to "follow on to" the Lord, forgot His law, joined themselves to idols and dealt treacherously against the Lord (chapters iv, 6, 10; v, 4, 7). All intemperance in meat or drink or in the pleasures or occupations of life is due to a lack of the knowledge of God. His coming in glory, which is doubtless included in His "going forth as the morning" is the purifying hope of John iii, 3.

4. "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? For your goodness is as a morning cloud and as the early dew it goeth away." Ephraim stands for Israel, the ten tribes. God tried every way to win them, but their piety was transient as a morning cloud dispersed by the rising sun (viii, 3). They cried unto the Lord, even howled upon their beds, but it was not with their heart, and when they assembled themselves, apparently to worship God, it was really for corn and wine or, in other words, to eat and drink for their own pleasure (chapter vii, 14). They did not know that the Lord gave them their corn and wine and silver and gold which they used upon Baal.

5. "Therefore have I hewed them by the prophets; I have slain them by the words of My mouth, and Thy judgments are as the light that goeth forth." They considered not that all their doings were before God's face (viii, 2), and that He saw their divided heart (x, 2). Through the prophets by His word, which is like a fire and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces (Jer. xxiii, 2, 3), He had sought to break their pride and their rebellion, but their doings would not suffer them to turn unto their God (chapter v, 4, margin). Many knew what they ought to do and know of God's love to them and claims upon them. But they were "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God" (II Tim. iii, 4), and preferred their pleasure of sin for a season. They will not believe that as they sow so shall they reap, and they that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind (chapter viii, 7).

6. "For I desired mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offering." Sacrifice was instituted when God in mercy gave to man redemption garments (Gen. iii, 21), thus foreshadowing the sacrifice on Calvary wherein was manifest the great love of God to sinners. God desires not sacrifice, for the blood of bulls and goats cannot take away sin (Ps. xl, 6; l, 12; Heb. x, 4). He does not ask gifts nor religious favors from those who fancy themselves righteous, but He desires to give redemption freely, by the sacrifice of Himself, to all who will receive Him. When we learn to know God and His love and His way, we never think to offer Him anything to win His favor or in any way propitiate Him, but accepting His propitiation, Jesus Christ our Lord, we yield ourselves to Him a living and well sacrifice, bought by His blood.

7. "But they, like Adam (margin), have transgressed the covenant; there have they dealt treacherously against me." On God's part all is perfect—perfect love and grace and faithfulness for the undeserving. The break and the failure are always upon man's part. Yet God changes not; He abideth faithful and is ever the same (Mal. iii, 6). Although they were guilty of all manner of sin as recorded in the next chapter and elsewhere, yet His cry to them was, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely" (chapter xiv, 1, 4).

8. "Gilead is a city of them that work iniquity, and is polluted with blood." Gilead was noted for its spices (Gen. xxxvii, 25; Jer. viii, 22), but now it was anything but a pleasant odor to God. Even the priests were full of iniquity, as stated in the next verse, and yet they sought to cover up their iniquity by their sacrifices as if God could not read their heart. God will receive a sinner, however great his sins, if only the sinner will confess his sins and turn from them to God. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity; turn, O backsliding children," are His entreaties to His erring people (Jer. iii, 13, 14). With cords of a man and bands of love (Hos. xi, 4), even His great love in the man that is His fellow (Zech. xiii, 7) did God seek to draw this people to Himself. If only we can be broken down to see our own helplessness and nothingness and in our weakness take hold of His strength, all will be well.

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"Our Nation in War."

MANY SUFFERERS.

What a Large Number of People are Enduring. A Distressing Condition in Which Many American People are Involved—The Only Way to Alleviate it.

From the Mountaineer, Walhalla, N. Dakota.

The remorse of a guilty stomach is what a very large majority of the people of this nation are suffering with to-day. It is a well known fact that dyspepsia is a characteristic American disease and it is frequently stated that "we are a nation of dyspeptics."

It is a distressing ailment and because of its many forms is difficult to treat. Sometimes it is the result of improper modes of eating, improper food or mental worry and exhaustion; then again it may be sort of a depressed condition of the body and treatment should be directed to the restoration of the health, without special attention to the stomach. In other instances, the disease is evidently the result of inflammation of the stomach.

Anyone of these conditions produce a lack of vitality in the system, by causing the blood to lose its life-sustaining elements. The blood is the vital element in our lives and should be carefully nurtured. Restore the blood to its proper condition, dyspepsia will vanish and perfect health follow.

For example, in the county of Pembina, North Dakota, a few miles from Walhalla, resides Mr. Ernest Snider; a man of sterling integrity, whose veracity cannot be doubted. He was formerly a resident of Lansdowne, Ont., but removed to the west and is now a prosperous farmer.

For three years he has been unable to do his work because he was ill with dyspepsia. "I became seriously ill about three years ago," he says, and consulted a doctor who gave me some medicine for indigestion. I continued to grow worse and several physicians were called at intervals who gave me temporary relief, but the disease returned with all its accustomed severity.

"The distress after eating made me dread meal time. At times I became so dizzy as to be unable to stand. I had sour stomach, heartburn, palpitation of heart, and weak nerves. The doctors diagnosed as to the nature of my disease but all agreed that the stomach was affected. I suffered intensely and life was a misery.

"I tried several well known remedies but was not benefited.

"I read in the newspapers articles regarding the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and finally after some urging on the part of a friend I concluded to try the pills. I purchased six boxes. This was five months ago.

"I had not taken all of the first box before I felt much relief. I continued taking the pills, and after using four boxes I was cured. I have none of those distressing symptoms now, and am completely restored to health, and can do as much work as any of the laborers on my farm. I owe my restoration to health to Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and gladly give my testimonial, hoping it may prove beneficial to some persons similarly affected."

By restoring to the blood the requisite constituents of life, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People renew the nerve force and enable the stomach to promptly and properly assimilate the food, thus speedily and permanently curing the dyspeptic. These pills are a specific for all diseases having their origin in impoverished blood or disordered nerves. They contain every element requisite to general nutrition, to restore strength to the weak, good health to the ailing. Physicians prescribe them, druggists recommend them and everywhere the people use them.

ENIGMA OF THE RUNAWAY.

Its Start Mystery, Its Course Confusion, Its Right of Way Undisputed.

The "runaway" is always an incident. The city man never becomes indifferent to it. The countryman is always on the lookout for it. It is the one thing which can distract the attention that has been fixed upon a burning building. It can break up the stateliest procession that ever moved. It can also make the face of a motorman or a car driver or a teamster, even though he be a backman, turn white. Whenever you see it or hear of it, it is the same old unchangeable incident. It has an element of uncertainty which makes it fascinating. When the winds blow, and the seas roll, and the storm rages, and the building is in flames, you can guess at the result. You don't know; you can't conceive the outcome of a runaway.

There comes a time in the life of every horseman when he has no influence over the animal he has fostered and petted and bragged about. This time is when the horse concludes, provided the horse reasons, to go as he pleases. Pedigree, stable, outfit, attention or lack of attention enter not into the runaway business. The animal, the "slats" of which require no X ray scrutiny, and about which a generation has capered, and on which the gadflies of many summers have squatted and sucked, will in a moment when peace is brooding over all creation break up the quietude by plunging and running and scurrying like a Chinese devil down the street or up or around the corner. The more cumbersome the vehicle in the rear of a runaway horse the greater his speed; the more crowded the thoroughfare the more zigzag the course of the animal, with nostrils distended and ears laid back. He is never in line with the conveyance. It is always at geographical variance with his tail.

There is something unexplainable in the rapidity with which the news of a runaway travels and the effect upon persons in the houses on the line of it. Start a runaway from the intersection of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, and people at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue will be on the lookout for it in two seconds, and teams and urchins and dogs will be getting out of the way. A man who has made a study of runaways said to a Sun reporter:

"I was in one of the biggest retail houses on Sixth avenue, shopping, when the salesman, to my astonishment, asked me if the runaway of a few minutes previous had done my damage. I asked him how he knew there was a runaway. He said he heard it and that he saw it. And when I questioned him he told me he had missed making a sale in order to see the runaway and said it was the first one he had seen since he had come to New York. It seemed to limber him up. He kept talking about it as long as I traded and said as I was leaving he supposed it would be in the papers."

And the runaway item has a good show for place, generally speaking. There is no rule for it, but you will notice that it usually comes next to the advertising. A man who has been on the make up of a morning newspaper many years said he could tell a runaway item in type with his eyes shut, and he always found room for it. A peculiar thing about this item is that it rarely has a genesis. The man who first tells of it, the policeman who makes a report of it and the reporter who writes it seldom enlighten the readers as to the cause of the runaway. The paragraph usually says the horse started from a certain point, but not often does it tell what started him. This is not the reporter's fault. He simply doesn't know. Nobody knows.—New York Sun.

Internal Evidence.

Lawyer Sharpsett found he would be unable to go home in time for supper. His typewriter girl having quit for the afternoon, he sat down at the machine himself and succeeded, after half an hour's work, in evolving the following note, which he sent to his wife by a messenger boy:

atthe Office 5-30p. m!

DEar miLLi e ::: I shkal not be xxxxxxxxxxat hOme t his evenenenig until until vrey veryxxxxxx late do not. wait for mEA a A client w ho Has A client wtih whoM I haev an apopointmen t is xxxxxxx xxc is chooing to cpsult consultmo & it will take al al all eqenxxxxxx evening your lvoing husgxxxxxxx husband. j hiraM4!

"I know Hiram wrote it!" exclaimed Mrs. Sharpsett after she had read it. "Those x's are where he swore."—Chicago Tribune.

ONLY BREAKING GROUND.

Yet Horace Greeley Made Sir William Russell Understand John Brown.

A tall, lean, careworn old man, with wan face and unkempt gray hair tumbled any way on his head, keen eyes and mobile lips, dressed in an ill fitting seedy suit of black, a twisted neckcloth with the ends hanging anyhow over a crumpled shirt, called on me early in the day at the Clarendon and plunged in medias res by asking me whether I had "grasped all the facts of the great victory achieved in Mr. Lincoln's election—that is, sir, if the president knows how to use it. There is the victory! What are the fruits of it to be?" I candidly confessed that I was like a man groping his way through a wood in the dark. "There is no darkness, sir! It is all light to those who open their eyes and wish to see." Then and there he bound me to come over and breakfast with him next morning. "I will let you see the light and know the truth! I shall have papers ready for you. You can give me a couple of hours, I suppose."

I kept my tryst, found my way to his room by the aid of his "help." Opening his door, I beheld piles of newspapers, books and pamphlets on the chairs, on the floor, on the table at which he sat, with proofs laid out, something like a shipwrecked mariner on a reef drying his clothes in the sun, but the confusion of the scene and the want of comfort in the look of the place and of the man were speedily forgotten. After a few words of courteous welcome Horace Greeley proceeded to expound his doctrines concerning "chattel slavery," which, he was careful to remind me, had first been introduced by Englishmen into America. He spoke with earnestness which commanded attention, now and then reading a passage from a book or a pamphlet, occasionally digressing to heave rhetorical bricks against Mr. Buchanan and southerners whose names I was not familiar with.

An hour passed, and still he went on. I was hungry, and heard no clink of cups and saucers. After another hour I looked at my watch. "Bear with me a little longer! I wish you to understand clearly the villainous machinations by which these scoundrels mastered the people, blinded them, destroyed their moral sense, degraded the legislature and corrupted the administration of the law," etc. For another hour and ten minutes I sat, and still the flood poured on. Mr. Greeley had forgotten all about breakfast. I had not. Besides, I had engagements to keep. As he was rising to the height of his great argument, with many apologies for the interruption, I said I must go. "But you will come back again? I have some more important matters to explain to you, and I was only just breaking ground." I never saw Horace Greeley again. I went to Washington next day. I was moved by his sincerity and enthusiasm. He made me understand John Brown.—"Recollections of the Civil War," by Sir William Howard Russell, LL.D., in North American Review.

Origin of Brandywine.

The battle of Brandywine was one of the worst of Washington's numerous defeats. The name originated, it is said, from a Dutch brandy distillery on the banks of the stream Brentwine, variously spelled, being a Dutch name for brandy, or "burned wine."

How It Was.

Giston—Where did you get that $5? I thought you were dead broke.

Tiller—I was, but I met Ricker and borrowed it of him.

Giston—Why, I didn't know that Ricker was acquainted with you.

Tiller—Well, I'll tell you how it is. I'm acquainted with him, but I suspect he isn't acquainted with me. If he was, I am inclined to think I shouldn't have got the fiver.—Boston Transcript.

Biblical Confirmation.

Parson—What do you gather from the lesson of the five wise and the five foolish virgins?

Student—That at least one-half the women are foolish.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THEIR PAY IS POOR.

WOMEN TRANSLATORS AND THEIR MEAGER REWARDS.

Views of a Few Who Have Succeeded. The Woman Who Made Balzac Known to Americans and Her Work—Mrs. Serrano, Who Englished Marie Bashkirtseff.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

No literary work is poorer paid in this country than translation. It is necessarily a restricted field. There is, however, a demand on part of the public for translations of certain foreign authors. Publishers keep an index for their guidance in supplying it. After the passage of the international copyright law there was a "boom" in translation.

The supply of translators—rather, would be translators—is at all times greatly in excess of the demand. Despite these facts publishers and professional translators are in almost daily receipt of visits or letters from persons—the majority apparently wholly unfitted for the task—seeking to do translation. To the aspirant for livelihood or distinction in this precarious calling knowing ones reiterate Punch's advice, "Don't!"

Women outnumber and outwit men in successfully Englishing foreign books. Probably the cleverest if not the best known American translator of French is Katharine P. Wormley. To her is credited the distinction of making Balzac in this country. Previous to Miss Wormley's translation of the

MRS. MARY J. SERRANO.

"Comedie Humaine," 30 volumes, publishers, after repeated efforts and heavy expenditure, failed to popularize him.

I asked Miss Wormley what chance an inexperienced person had of earning a livelihood by translation.

"Discouragement is all I can give," was the reply, "and that is always painful. It is a very important matter to discourage the inexperienced from attempting translation as a means of livelihood. Not a week passes that I do not receive letters from persons asking me to assist them in obtaining such work. I have never sought translation for myself. All my work has been done at the request of publishers."

The smattering of continental languages to be had in our public schools and state universities and the prominence attained by such women as Miss Wormley, Mary J. Serrano, Elizabeth Cutter Martin, Mary J. Safford, Isabel Hapgood, Cora Hamilton Bell and Louise Seymour Houghton are largely responsible for the growing army of women who besiege publishers and editors for work.

An erroneous impression prevails that a person incapable of doing other literary work can easily serve as translator. Much Englished foreign matter now on the market would seem to justify the impression. On the publisher falls the burden of this public grievance, but the publisher's role in the mangling of foreign books is "another story," which, if better known, would place the blame where it belongs—the foreign author who gives the right of translation to the incompetent translator, leaving the publisher no choice.

What are the requisites of a good translator? The consensus of the professionals sums it up in a thorough knowledge of the foreign language, a copious English vocabulary, a good English literary style and the power to enter into the spirit of the foreign author. The latter some continental critics consider the most essential requisite to a good translation. A peep into Miss Wormley's mental workshop cannot fail to enlighten the inexperienced as to the knowledge and labor involved in the production of a good translation.

"Before proceeding to translate a volume," said Miss Wormley, "I get my mind thoroughly permeated with the thought of the author. I never sacrifice the author's thought to the adjustment of my own difficulties. I put the original text into as literal English as possible, translating the French as closely as can be done without forfeiting the literary quality of the English. Two essentials must never be forgotten by the translater," emphasizes Miss Wormley—"the thought of the author and the literary quality of the English."

Miss Wormley gives three months' work to a single volume of Balzac, while she can "do up" Dumas in much less time. "He needs to be translated," she adds, "with something of his own lilt and go."

Translators, as a rule, she thinks, cling too slavishly to the author's mere words, the mechanical part, his vehicle. They would preserve his thought and do better work if they were a little freer.

Miss Wormley, who has married since her completion of the "Comedia Humaine," Moliere, Dumas and Bonzget, is probably the best paid of the American women translators.

To Mrs. Mary J. Serrano American readers are largely indebted for their only acquaintance with the story writers of Spain. Mrs. Serrano is a handsome woman of Irish birth. Early in life she married a Spaniard, with whom she went to South America, where her life was passed with natives of Spain. She is not only mistress of the Spanish language, but is in sympathetic and intelligent touch with their much misunderstood character. To her knowledge of Spanish temperament, no less than her linguistic accomplishments, is due her success in interpreting their best novelists to English readers.

Her career as translator began after her widowhood. Her first work was "Pepat Ximenes," by Juan Valera, Spanish minister to the United States, whom she met at Washington. At the request of Harper Bros. she did "Dona Perfecta," by Galdoz, for which W. D. Howells wrote a preface. The list now includes novels of Valera, Alarcon and Emilia Pardo Bazan. Mrs. Serrano is now employed largely by the Spanish legation. She finds the translation of state documents more remunerative than the Englishing of books.

While Mrs. Serrano's name is chiefly identified with Spanish literature it was the success of "The Journal of Maria Bashkirtseff" that made it possible for her to earn an independent income. It was Mrs. Serrano who brought this remarkable confession of the morbid young Russian beauty to the attention of Cassell & Co. She had learned of its furore in Paris. It was some time before a copy of the original made its way to this country. The international copyright law was then unknown. Mrs. Serrano disposed of her translation on the royalty basis.

As a rule, publishers pay a stipulated sum for a translation, and the translator has no further claim on the translation. The sum rarely exceeds $100 a volume. "The Journal of Maria Bashkirtseff" had an enormous sale in this country and England. Mrs. Serrano's royalties netted some $5,000 and resulted in her signing a three years' contract with the publishers. During that period she translated one book per month, a herculean task.

With the general public translators for the most part have no personality, no existence. Behind the glittering few cited is a prodigious rank and file, many of whom experience in the struggle to make a living all the horrors of Grubb street in Johnson's worst days.

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

STUDIED A STRANGE RACE.

Mrs. Todd Writes of a People Who Regard Lies as Crimes.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, wife of Professor David Peck Todd, the astronomer of Amherst college, is the author of a series of very interesting papers on the Ainu of Yesso, one of the most interesting but least known of uncivilized people. In 1896, when Professor Todd, on the yacht Coronet, went to Japan for the government to observe the total eclipse of the sun, Mrs. Todd accompanied him.

Miss Bird, in her book on Japan, tells something of this interesting people, but it is very little. Other travelers have added little or nothing to the world's knowledge of the Ainu. While her husband was engaged with his scientific investigations Mrs. Todd studied the condition of the Japanese people.

Learning that she wished to go to Yesso, the Japanese authorities courteously placed one of the government vessels at her service and gave her every possible assistance to study the Ainu. She spent some time among them, learning of their home life, their habits, beliefs and language and thus collecting a fund of new and valuable facts.

Since her return from Japan she has lectured on the subject and contributed to the magazines a number of articles on both the Ainu and the Japanese. Her book, which deals with the inhabitants of Yesso particularly, reveals to the scientific world a hitherto unexplored field in anthropological investigation, for Mrs. Todd devotes a great deal of space in the interesting volume to telling just those things which every one wants to know and the average scientific writer omits, the life and thoughts of the people, especially the women and children.

The Ainu are peaceable savages who live on the island of Yesso, subsisting

MRS. MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

by fishing and hunting. They are the probable aborigines of Yesso and perhaps of Japan. They are said to be stupid, gentle and good natured, are highly courteous and look more like Europeans than Asiatics. They are shy of strangers, experience perhaps having taught them this in their past dealings with alien races.

Once their confidence is gained, however, no people are more hospitable and agreeable. They live in rude huts in villages under the rule of a chief who dictates to them what they shall do in any important affairs of the day.

The Ainu have many virtues which more highly civilized people might profitably imitate. One is that in Yesso a lie and a theft are about on the same basis, equally regarded as crimes. The race is rapidly dying out, like the Indians of America, and soon nothing may remain but the tradition of their existence.

SUSIE BEST.

Preventable Diseases.

Hear what a great scientist writes: "More than half a million people die every year from diseases that are called preventable or filth or germ diseases. They are so called because they could be prevented. They are derived from filth and they are caused by germs.

"The lax sanitation of the great cities of America causes pollution of the water, soil and air of the land. People drink polluted water, breathe polluted air and live on polluted soils. As a consequence they are poisoned. The instinctive remedy appears to be alcohol. Sewer gas and the general products of the putrefaction of dead organic matter poison the blood, depress the spirits, weaken the appetite and digestion, and the people drink alcohol.

"I believe the great cause of learning to drink is sickness and poor sanitation and that is what makes prohibitory laws difficult or impossible. The way to secure prohibition is to banish disease and disease infection from the earth. The disease poisons are the constituents of King Alcohol. If they are banished, he will abdicate without waiting to be prohibited."

One of War's Legacies.

"The soldiers will soon be done with camp fare," remarked old Bullion, affixing a revenue stamp on another check, "but hard tax will be served out to the rest of us for years to come."—Chicago Tribune.

An Evident Scarcity.

Jinks—Has there been any scarcity of money in Europe since the war with Spain?

Winks—There was with me. I had to come back in the steerage.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Unkind.

"False one," said he as he stalked from her presence, "you now look upon my face for the last time."

"Well, your looks will be improved by wearing a mask," replied the unkind girl.—New York World.

Samson.

"We call our new safe Samson."

"Because it's so strong, eh?"

"Yes, and it's strength depends on its locks."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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AND SHE DIDN'T.

The Lady Was Determined Not to Pay the Boy's Car Fare.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't any time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin to do it now."

"You've got to begin doing it some time. If you haven't had to put up any fare for him, you're mighty lucky, or else you don't know's traveling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You can't tell me what the rules of the road are, madam. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'll have to ask that old gardener down there at the gate with him."—Chicago Tribune.

Clever Mice!

Mick ("Mice") at the Ballymug hotel, knocking at visitor's door at 4 a.m.)—Faith, sorr, what we wish to be called this morrnan, sorr?—Punch.

A Family Discontent.

The father of ten daughters listened silently to the solemn words that united his eldest to a millionaire.

"There," he murmured, as the tying of the knot was successfully concluded, "that's 10 per cent off for cash."—Brooklyn Life.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Drier & Bro.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

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Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from yellow jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogerty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by Dreier & Bro., druggists.

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Remarkably Early Marriages.

The farther south one goes, the earlier one finds marriages take place. A census was taken lately in Algeria and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was 12 years old, and that there were very many boys who were married at 13 and 14, while some at 15 years of age had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widower of 15, and a divorced husband of the same age. Girls are still more precocious, and are sometimes married when only 11 years old, though 12 is the more usual age. There are 189 widows of 15, and 1,176 divorces of the same age.

New Railway in Africa.

The railway from the Congo river's mouth to Stanley pool, 240 miles in length, has finally been completed, after eight years' work, and a vast area of the interior of Africa has thus been opened to modern methods of trade and commerce. There are 10,000 miles of navigable waterway above Stanley pool, and 20,000,000 people inhabit the territory which may thus be reached.

Doubtful Bliss.

Bachelor—"How do you like married life?" Newlywed—"Ah, Jack, you don't know what you're missing—that is, unless you count your wad every night and morning, and that's mean."—Judge.

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SERVING HUMANITY.

Dr. Talmage on What We Can Do for Our Own Generation.

The Reward of Administering to Fellow Man Is Glorious—The Sleep of Death and Its Blissful Awakening.

In his recent discourse Dr. Talmage changes our lifetime from a meaningless generality to practical helpfulness to the people now living; text, Acts 13, 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served—that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer, and there was perhaps only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least 180 generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone to Heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and, looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say: 'Thank God that I had a good father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

But the 180 generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them. We shall not hear any of their voices. We will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophies, their triumphs. We will in nowise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of Heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat, and mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at 24 miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this *generation now on the stage* will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for anyone after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David: "After he had served his own generation by the will of God he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheatfields and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle, and notwithstanding this I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth—millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco or go into the drinking saloons for what the rumsellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an armchair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no. By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not had enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the ax from being round and dull got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye, that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and He has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet, and a good shawl and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alas, where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place: by generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes there will be enough for all to wear.

God has done His part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories, reaching all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimac, shall have spun and woven it. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing for a thousand years His wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the suffering or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the season. Gospel of shoes! Gospel of hats! Gospel of clothes for the naked!

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What shortsighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man—namely, his body—while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little pitcher broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle. But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden time once in awhile a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them it would be found we have now living *in this year 1898* 50 Martin Luthers, 50 George Washingtons, 50 Lady Huntingdons, 50 Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in north and south were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous 20 years. I challenge the 4,000 years before Christ and also the 18 centuries after Christ to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the south side is victory; on the north side, Panama and poverty; on the south side, Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves. For my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death; on the other side of it are pardon and usefulness and happiness and Heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save anyone else.

How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What! Without a prayer? Yes. What! Without time to deliberately think it over? Yes. What! Without a tear? Yes. Believe; that is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenance. Welcome, welcome! Hail, hail! Saved yourselves, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have. The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they should keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went west and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm; and when the question was put: "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous: "No, no." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous, and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine, and fountains rainbowed, and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep." What a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night he had not had such a good sleep. At 70 years of age he laid down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God he fell on sleep."

Away with all your gloomy talk about departing from this world! If we have served our generation, it will not be putting out into the breakers; it will not be the fight with the king of terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend, writing me from Illinois, says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest college, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the Gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell asleep. When in Africa Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture and stepped back again, but after awhile went in and touched him, and, lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey, and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. In the museum of Greenwich, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the arctic regions, amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words: "When Thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery, by the will of God he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey. We have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces and before we could fully collect our faculties have said: "Where am I, whose house is this and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality.

And I should not wonder if after we have served our generation and by the will of God have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awaken in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Why, this looks like Heaven! It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor—that must be the palace of Jesus. And look there at those walks lined with foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them these two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Gibeon, and these two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty.

"But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the 'house of many mansions,' of which I used to read? It is. It is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! Whose are those voices? Whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and, lo, they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, 'Never more to part; never more to part,' the arches, the aleoves, the hallways echo and reecho the words, 'Never more to part; never more to part!' Then our glorified friends say, 'Come out with us and see Heaven.' And some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us we start down the ivory stairways and we meet coming up one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories, and as all are making obeisance to this great one of Heaven, I cry out, 'Who is he?' and the answer comes: 'This is the greatest of all the kings. It is David, who, after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.'"

TEMPERANCE NOTES

THE CONQUEROR.

The barkeeper's wife has a sealskin coat,
But mine has an old plaid shawl;
She has jewels for finger and ear and throat,
But mine has none at all.
Her only ring I stole one night
And pawned for a poisoned drink!
O, mother mine! Bring back the light
Of youth and the strength to think!

The barkeeper's child has books and toys,
My children have want and woe;

They never have dwelt in the world of joys
The barkeeper's child may know.
At a tiny doll my baby's eye
Would dance and her heart would swell,
But I've always taken the price to buy
A cup of the liquid hell.

O, the girl I wooed in the good, glad years—
Whose pure lips touched with mine—
I swear to banish her bitter tears
In the strength of a love divine;
And hearts so broken and sad to-day,
With new-found bliss shall thrill,
For the devil of rum I'll cast away—
God, helping me, I will!
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

REDUCED AND MARKED DOWN.

Suggestion for a Sign for a Saloon Window — Following Business Methods.

At a recent meeting of the association, while its president was addressing the audience of 900 unfortunate, discouraged men, most of whom were wrecked and ruined by rum, after telling them of the utter folly of carrying their hard-earned money to the saloon keeper, among other things he said: "Manufacturers and merchants like to display their products in their windows. Millinery, dresses, clothing of all kinds and of the most beautiful styles and patterns, hats, caps, neckwear, musical instruments, hardware, in fact every conceivable kind of manufacture, except one, are thus displayed, and men and women are usually proud of their products. Not so with the place commonly called a 'saloon;' a better name is the "rum mill," not that they manufacture rum but that they manufacture drunkards. Why not have a large show window in such places, and put therein six or eight samples of drunken debauchery and ruin, and put on a large show card:

"SAMPLES OF OUR WORK."
"THESE ARE WHAT WE MAKE HERE."
"THESE HAVE BEEN REDUCED."
"THESE HAVE BEEN MARKED DOWN."

From sober men to miserable drunkards.
From a life of honor to one of shame.
From a life of health to one of disease.
From an upright life to one of disgrace and crime.
From a life of respectability to one of dishonor.
From a life of ease, comfort and plenty to one of privation, hardship and squalor.
From a life of sweetness to one of bitterness.
From a life of rejoicing to one of mourning.
From a life of blessed hope to one of hopelessness and despair.
From everything that is good to everything that is bad.
These have been "reduced" and "marked down" and are now valued at $6000 less than nothing.—Rescue Evangel.

GLEANINGS.

The demand for government liquor licenses in prohibition Kansas this year has been the greatest in the history of the state.

A Cold Water Application.—Friend—"I think an occasional glass of liquor is well enough—" Prohibitionist—"Humph! I believe in letting well enough alone."—Puck.

Speaking of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools a saloon journal expresses the hope that "some day pupils will be taught how to use alcoholic drinks reasonably." Indeed!

There are said to be ten Scottish dukes, five marquises, 20 earls and five lords—40 in all—who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the drink traffic. In England and Wales the names of no fewer than 172 members of the upper house appear as owners of one or more licensed places.—Exchange.

According to figures published in a bulletin of the department of labor, beer is rapidly displacing wine and whisky as a drink is becoming, indeed, the national beverage. In 1880 the consumption of distilled spirits (proof) was 2½ gallons for each man, woman and child in the United States, while in 1896 the consumption was but one gallon.—Christian Work.

When Gen. Shafter entered the city of Santiago, according to the newspaper reports, the first thing he did was to order all the saloons of the city closed. When the troops captured El Caney the press dispatches announced that among the spoils captured by the American army were 20 barrels of wine. All this was poured out on the ground to prevent it falling into the hands of our soldiers.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

Sobriety Among Railroad Men.

The number of railroad men discharged for excessive use of liquor during the past 22 years has decreased from twenty to one per cent., and during the past 25 years the proportion of men owning their homes has increased tenfold.

Moderate Drinkers.

Any citizen who is strong enough to drink and leave it alone, ought to choose the latter for the sake of those who are not strong enough to drink moderately and then stop.—Christian Guardian.

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF SIN.

The Relation of Pure, Wholesome Food to the Drink Problem.

An article by Rev. David Beaton recently appeared in a religious journal, in which the writer expresses convictions that are fast gaining ground among those who see a natural relation between the physical and moral constitution of man. The author says:

"'Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God.' This definition is all but perfect from the point of view of the theologian, and carries even to the lay mind a fine sweep of ethical dignity in its resistless inference that the moral law is the will of God. But have we not almost universally thought of this law as relating to theft, murder, unclean desires and all those moral errors that arise out of the unregenerate heart? How seldom, even among Christians of intelligence and piety, do we think of our eating habits as being a gross breach of some of the plainest laws of God.

"I heard a physician of international fame speak on this subject in a way that cast a searching light on some of the moral problems of our time. 'Intoxication,' he said, 'we all allow to be a sin; but intoxication lies not alone in drinking alcohol or chewing bang or smoking opium and tobacco, but in the excitation of any sensuous felicity for the mere pleasure of such excitement. Such unlawful excitement is more frequently procured by our pampered and gross habits of eating than by the use of alcohol and narcotics. The ordinary eating habits of the Christian world,' he went on to say, 'are poisonous, and therefore sinful. Mothers teach children by the use of sweet cake, candies, condiments, pickles and other noxious things that our object in eating is sensuous felicity. The young mind is thus perverted in the very nest as to the physiological and moral purpose of eating. This sin is on the ground floor of physical life, and one sin leads to another. The poisoning and blistering of the stomach by the use of vicious foods leads to the craving for strong drink.'

"A young lady who was being treated for neurasthenia came under this physician's care. She confessed to him that she was a confirmed drinker of spirits. Her appetite had been awakened at first by highly-spiced foods; then she had tasted beer and wine, and now she was drinking brandy and whisky at the rate of a quart a day. Her two brothers were confirmed dipsomaniacs, and she was overwhelmed in the same horror. 'The mother of those children,' said the physician, in tones of serious moral earnestness, 'was herself the cause of their sin.' As I listened to this arraignment of our common dietary habits I could but feel that sin and law and God are realties brought nearer the physical life of man, and for which there is an immediate responsibility.

"The position here is not that intoxication and gormandizing are sins—that goes without saying. But it is that the eating of such things as science proves to breed disease, to produce a craving for strong drink and a desire for sensuous excitement, is sin; that there is a physiological basis for sin, and that many a depraved taste began with a diseased body; that there is an intimate relation between what a man eats and what a man is, morally and spiritually; that the person who eats for mere sensuous pleasure, who eats grossly, who excites the palate with spices, pickles, condiments and other poisonous and irritating articles, is a transgressor of the laws of God just as truly as the liar and the thief.

"While staying at the institution where such scientific ideas are made the basis of the cure of disease and the reform of our eating habits I was careful to observe the effect of this physiological view of sin on the minds and hearts of the people present. Said a business man to me: 'When I am at my business I do a good deal of cursing, but here I feel no temptation to that sin.' Another expressly stated that under the diet of the institution he had no craving for the strong drink which he felt he must have in the ordinary round of life at home. What is the explanation of these physiological facts, and what is the cause of that sweet, calm, spiritual atmosphere which pervades the place? Is there not some intimate connection between the pure thoughts and the pure food? Between the absence of temptation and obedience to the laws that govern the gastric juices?

"I have long felt that the social ideals governing our Christian families are too much like those of the fashionable world. Perhaps we Christians in our eating habits are as disobedient to the laws of nature revealed by science as we are to the laws of the Spirit revealed in God's word. Surely it is a contradiction in terms for a Christian to poison the body which God gave him for service, to be a gross eater when even the outside of the body is to be washed with pure water as the temple of the Holy Ghost.

"Pure food and a natural, simple manner of living will lessen the number of drunkards growing up in Christian homes, produce fewer cases of nervous disease and premature decay, which so often shame our high professions and bring disaster to the home and the church. 'We need the recognition of the splendid imperativeness of God's law which rules alike the bodies and the souls of men, and the scientific education of our youth so that they will see that the beginning of all sin is in the borrowing of pleasures that they have not earned. Ignorance and disobedience are alike fatal. The laws which determine the destiny of immortal spirits are servants now to our intelligence and will, in the familiar compass of our own bodies. Holiness is just health of soul; so health of body means a holy body. A redeemed manhood requires a knowledge of and obedience to the physiological laws of eating and drinking.'"

Morals of Soldiers.

The Chicago Inter Ocean says: "The mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters of the country have a right to demand that the government shall exercise due watchfulness over the morals of the young men who have been cheerfully given to the cause. To be wounded or killed is not the worst fate that can befall the volunteer, or the worst sorrow that is likely to come to those he left behind, if the sale of liquor is permitted, or winked at, by those who have the power to prohibit it."

Too Much Whisky Guzzling.

The Chicago Tribune says: "There is altogether too much whisky guzzling in the army camps anyhow, and there are too many 'canteens.' These saloons are attached to volunteer as well as regular regiments, and they are the cause of most of the trouble that keeps the guardhouses more or less thickly populated all the time. They should all be abolished at once. The more canteens there are in the tropics the worse for the men's health and morals."

SUNDAY READING

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Each has a cross to bear, my brother,
You do not stand alone;
Of trials each has a share, my brother,
Each one a cross of his own.
A grief, or a dread, or a loss, my brother,
The hopes of life to drown,
But if we don't carry the cross, my brother,
We never shall wear the crown.

You may not be able to trace, my brother,
The signs of your dear friend's smart,
But there's many a smiling face, my brother,
Conceals a bleeding heart.
And grief may the soul engross, my brother,
And yet you see no frown:
Oh! if we don't carry the cross, my brother,
We never shall wear the crown.

The noblest the world has known, my brother,
The sweetest and the best,
Lived not for themselves alone, my brother,
But thought of all the rest.
Pleasure they counted gross, my brother,
Nor feared the cold world's frown;
They covered with flowers their cross, my brother,
And smilingly wore their crown.

The purest, holiest One, my brother,
The world has ever known,
Trod the wine press alone, my brother,
With many a sign and moan.
Not for Himself the loss, my brother,
Of the life which he laid down;
For man He carried the cross, my brother,
For man He wears the crown.
—Rev. J. Pollock Hutchinson, in Chicago Record.

NEW VIEWS OF TRUTH.

The Christian's Attitude — Weigh Them and Give Them a Fair Chance to Prove Their Worth.

Theoretically, nobody, we suppose, believes that progress in the revelation and comprehension of spiritual truth is at an end. But practically some act as if they so believed. Their instinct is adverse to any new form of truth, even if it be only the restatement in modern language of a familiar, accepted doctrine. They serve a useful purpose, acting as checks to a possibly too hasty modification of what ought to be believed. Yet sometimes they hinder progress which God favors.

What is new is not necessarily true, although its novelty often renders it attractive. But what is true is not necessarily new, as some seem to imagine. The proper attitude of an intelligent and honest Christian is one of fearless, thorough, self-controlled inquiry. He should not decry new views of truth as of course erroneous. He ought to be sufficiently hospitable to them to weigh them well, to give them a fair chance to prove their worth.

He must be neither repelled from them nor stampeded into adopting them untested. He must apply his tests conscientiously—the tests of inherent worthiness, of sound harmony with established truths, of trustworthy practical service, of healthful spiritual influence. If they meet these tests fairly and well, he need not fear to avow them. Unless they meet such tests thus he ought to refrain from indorsing them, yet without censure of others who do not agree with his conclusions.

It is not the truth alone, but he himself, as well, who is being put to the test. Is he man enough to deal fairly with such matters, to reach a settled conviction and act upon it, to avoid being carried away by impulse on the one hand or being anchored by immovable prejudice on the other hand? He is not all that Christ means him to be until he has learned to face new views of truth without risk to his personal faith in God or fear as to the final victory of the Gospel of our Lord. —Congregationalist.

GRAPES FROM CANAAN.

Character is organized truth.

Search yourself before you censure another.

The deeper the conviction, the purer the tears.

A mother's precept is rarely used to justify evil.

The love of life should win us to the life of love.

Discontent is a thorn on the rose bush of life.

The flower of forgiveness blooms in the garden of love.

The imitation of religious acts produces religious apes.

It must be a deed, not a loan, that we execute with God.

The man who lives for self has a very small object to live for.

Infidels are opposed to the Bible because the Bible is opposed to them.

Other teachers made war on human vice. Christ on human righteousness.

The dews of repentance are often kept from the sinner by the rubber coat of pride.

Many men consent to be shut out from Heaven, that they may stand in with the world.

Opportunities improved, are fragrant flowers—neglected, they are thorns of regret.

A minute of strengthening prayer in the morning is better than an hour of regret over weakness at night.—Ram's Horn.

Wanting What Is Beyond.

What is beyond is more to us than what is already attained. This is true in both a good sense and a bad sense. We never ought to be so that we do not want to be better. Wanting to be better is desiring the yet unattained, in a good sense. Paul says, in that spirit: "Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended; but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Yet that same Paul cautions us not to be anxious about what we have not, and he says that "godliness with contentment (within our sphere) is great gain." In one sense we ought to be satisfied with what is ours. In another sense we ought not to be satisfied with what is yet ours. Charles Dudley Warner says, pithily: "Our lives are largely made up of the things we do not have." That is so; that ought to be so; that ought not to be so. It is for us as guided by God's Word, and God's Spirit, to know in what it should be, and in what it should not be.—S. S. Times.

The Dawn of Religion.

My own belief is that the Christian religion is just beginning to be understood, and that its power over the thoughts and lives of men is destined to be far more commanding in the century before us than in any of the centuries behind us.—Rev. Washington Gladden.

A Thought for To-Day.

Many, indeed, think of being happy with God in Heaven, but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts.—John Wesley.

DISCIPLINE OF SUCCESS.

The Invincible Spirit That Will Not Own Itself Beaten Because It Stumbles and Falls.

The really great men in the world are those who are not paralyzed by failures. Success is rare except except through repeated failures. Those who put all at risk on one venture, and, losing, weakly surrender, never accomplish anything worth living for. Failures should enter into the natural expectation of everybody as a necessary, if painful, part of the discipline of life.

Few begin with anything like a clear view of what they want to do, and the fortune they seek may come in a very different form from that which they have kept in view. It may be a very large success, and yet be scarcely recognized. What many regard as a victory may really be a defeat, and men often mourn as losses what ought to be considered as gains. The child that never falls never learns to walk. Falls are failures which lead to success.

Everything depends on how we take our failures. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of the eleven rules he laid down for the discipline of conscience, declared: "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

This seems on first reading an inversion. Surely it is worth while to succeed! How can it be our business to fail? Is failure, then, better than success—a thing to be courted and worked for? Not at all. He means that failures are numerous and constant. They stand thick in every pathway. We must make up our mind to meet them and not let them dishearten us. Here is the point. We are vanquished if we take a failure as final. We must not let it discourage us. We shall fail and fail often; but it is our duty not to lose heart, not to give up trying. Everybody knows that the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" made himself famous by his works, and yet he says of his career: "I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below the sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise."

This is the invincible spirit that will not own itself to be beaten because it stumbles and falls, but persists in rising and pressing forward, however slow and difficult the progress. It bravely refuses to surrender, holding that its business is to meet these inevitable failures in good spirits. The novelist had his ideal. It was to write a great poem. He never achieved it, but he was content, he wrote, to "scribble little prose articles." He never wrote the great poem, but he took his failure in "excellent good spirits," and achieved success in a different line.

There is vast helpfulness in this thought, and for none more than for those who are concerned with the discipline of conscience. There are many failures in the Christian life. Bunyan saw a host of them in his dreams in Bedford jail; a greater than Bunyan met them and felt them all through His life. Jesus Christ failed in His preaching—many refused to accept Him; He failed in His teaching—many refused to believe Him; He failed to restore the kingdom of Israel—they rejected Him; He failed to convince the world of His mission—they crucified Him. He failed even with His own disciples who fell away from Him and denied Him. There were some places where He could do no mighty works—the unbelief of the people thwarted Him. And yet He was not dismayed by failure. He did not even refuse to face the greatest seeming failure of His life—that ignominious death on the cross. The greatness of His spirit was shown in the way He endured, in the cheerfulness with which He gave Himself in sacrifice.

The greatness of His triumph is beyond measure. He achieved a life unequaled in power and influence for good; and the world with common accord points to His spotless character as the one perfect model for mankind. Those who follow after Him meet many failures. Like the disciples, they disappear from His path sometimes, but, unlike Judas, who could not endure failure, they reappear and press forward again in good spirits.—N. Y. Independent.

Why Be a Christian?

Because it is right.

Because it is safe.

Because it delivers from condemnation and brings us into relations of peace with God.

Because it changes our natures so that our affections, passions and tempers are rightly directed and controlled.

Because it brings us into the best of society.

Because Christ helps us over hard places and stays by us when everything else fails us.

Because such a life explains, or reconciles many of the mysteries of God's Word and Providence in this world.

Because it affords the soul of man some of the most delightful experiences, and enables us to get the most and the best out of this world.

Because it enables one to do more good and be of some real value to the world.

Because it removes the element of fear from death and the grave and gives the assurance and the fitness for future meeting with Christ and the redeemed.—Charles M. Hall, in Ram's Horn.

The Ministry of Joy.

The spiritual ministry of sorrow is often dwelt upon, but the ministry of joy is less frequently alluded to. But what a great many people need to make them better men and women is not an additional affliction, but a little brightness, color and good cheer thrown into their lives. Such an experience would lead them to go back to their tasks with a new zest. It would act upon them as a few hours in salt air acts upon an ailing baby. Most of us do not begin to realize how much it is in our power to bless others by preserving an atmosphere of imperturbable good nature, and by doing the little things that will make others happy. When we think of this duty we set before ourselves the forlorn and miserable people that we know, and wonder how we can brighten their outlook. That is right. But it is well sometimes to think that right in our homes, sitting at our own tables, there may be those whose hearts are hungering for a little of the ministry of joy. They would find much spiritual profit in a little sympathetic appreciation, in thoughtfulness for their comfort, in the lighting of the face at their presence.—Boston Watchman.

God Is with Us.

If we may, then, believe in a present God, a God near by, a God who cares, why then, we can bear anything, we can walk through any darkness, we can face any enemy. In the midst of poverty, outcast, we can be patient and we can be strong.—Rev. M. J. Savage.

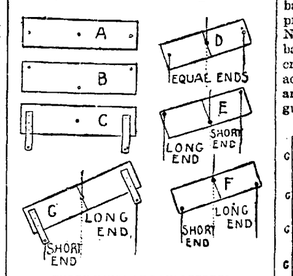
FARM AND GARDEN

THE DOUBLETREE.

A Practical Farmer's Ideas About Equalizing the Work of the Horses.

Not every farmer has stopped to study the physics of the doubletree. Very few doubletrees are made with three holes in them on a line, as will be seen in Fig. A. They are oftener made as in Fig. B, so that the strain will not be so liable to split the wood. You seldom ever see one made as in Fig. C, yet one is occasionally made in this way with rigid attachment.

Now let us look at them closely. When the three holes are on a line, it matters not which horse is ahead, both pull an equal share of the load, as will be seen by Fig. D, where both ends are equal. When the holes are out of line, as is usually the case on doubletrees, like B, it will be seen at a glance that



THREE KINDS OF DOUBLETREES.

the horse that gets behind is not only behind, but he enjoys the short end of the doubletree and is pulling more than his share of the load. This is shown in Fig. E. Should the sides of this doubletree be reversed the horse that goes ahead will have the short end and will be pulling the greater part of the load, as in Fig. F. Should you be unfortunate enough to have a doubletree like Fig. G it will be seen by glancing at Fig. G that the horse which is behind not only enjoys being behind time, but he is by his laziness compelling his mate to pull the greater share of the load. I give these figures for the boys on the farm to ponder over. These lessons will not only be found interesting, but will be valuable for any one to know who has to work with horses, says a practical farmer, who expresses the foregoing ideas in the Iowa Homestead.

How to Disinfect the Pruning Knife.

The Country Gentleman quotes Professor M. B. Waite in regard to disinfecting the pruning knife used in cutting out wood diseased by pear blight, as follows:

"The solution to be used in disinfecting the pruning knife is the carbolic acid solution, which is doubtless the best for this purpose. It is made by shaking up the acid, preferably the crystalline form, in a bottle with water. The solution should contain about 5 per cent of the acid. A piece of cloth or a sponge should be fastened inside the vessel containing the solution, and each time the knife is used it should be wiped on this cloth or sponge. A solution of ordinary chloride of lime is also good for disinfecting the knife. It should contain about 2 or 3 per cent of the chloride of lime. Another solution which can be used for this purpose is corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride). A solution containing one-quarter of one per cent would be sufficiently strong. Tablets containing sufficient corrosive sublimate for a quart of water can be obtained at almost any drug store."

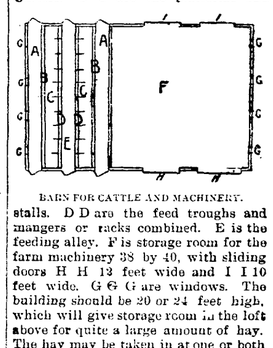
Formalin Treatment.

Dr. Arthur seems to have been the first to test the efficacy of formalin in combating the potato scab. It is not very expensive and can be bought by the fluid ounce at most drug stores. The following is his description of the method of treatment, which is quite simple:

Eight ounces of the formalin are added to 15 gallons of water, and in this the seed potatoes are soaked for two hours. After taking from the bath they can be cut and planted as usual, either at once or after some time. Formalin is not corrosive, and so can be used in any kind of vessel, and not being poisonous there are no particular precautions to be observed. It does, however, make the hands smart if there are any raw spots, and the fumes irritate the eyes and throat.

A Cheap Barn.

A plan for a cheap barn without a basement for cattle and machinery is presented by a correspondent in The National Stockman and Farmer. The barn is 40 by 64 feet. The stables are crosswise of the building and capable of accommodating 20 head of cattle. A A are walks 3 feet wide. B B are manure gutters. C C are the platforms and



BARN FOR CATTLE AND MACHINERY.

stalls. D D are the feed troughs and mangers or racks combined. E is the feeding alley. F is storage room for the farm

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1898.

THE DANCE IN CUBA.

THE BAYLE, OR NATIVE BALL, WHICH LASTS ALL NIGHT.

With Its Weird Music, Languorous Waltzes and Tropical Decorations It Is a Most Picturesque Affair—How the Zapateado Is Danced.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

Those who have read the grim tales of war in which the gallant son of Cuba figured seldom thought of the other side of his nature, the side best brought out by social life. Now that peace reigns over his beautiful island he will mingle in the gay native dance

A CUBAN SEÑORITA.

and the bayle, the Cuban merrymaking. It will be none the less gay because the shadow of war has darkened the land.

Very few people are aware that Cuba has its bayle, its dances, its musical instruments, its music all distinctively Cuban. There may be a memory of old Spain in them, but it is only that; in substance they are Cuban.

A bayle is a Cuban ball and is the joy of the middle or working class. To understand the character of the bayle let the reader in imagination transport himself to Cuba, to Empalme, a small station in the interior. Fancy it the month of January, with Cuba at her best, and invitations out for the bayle of Maximo, the handsome young bachelor who has charge of the station baggage room.

The ball was given at his sister's "casa," the entire family moving out in order to vacate the two great airy rooms of the house for the festivities. The bedroom was used as a dressing room by the senoritas and was liberally supplied with puffs and powder boxes. The Cuban women powder heavily on account of the heat, even their hair, and over their dark skin the powder has a particularly ghostlike effect.

The ballroom was most beautifully decorated. It was entirely lined with fresh palms. Scarlet natural flowers were used as rosettes here and there to pin the palms together. The Spanish flag, which is very gorgeous, red and yellow, waved at the door, and many were draped inside a la military.

For days before great preparations for the bayle had been going on. Little cakes called "bunelo" were fried in quantities. They much resemble the American doughnuts and are usually eaten the night before Christmas, when a supper is served at 12 o'clock. For the bayle another Christmas dish was served, a small pig roasted and called a "lechon a sada." These dainties, however, formed but a small part of the feast. El Campo had been scoured for oranges, pineapples, cocoanuts and bananas. Of course there were cognac, wines and sweet liquors, with plenty of cigarettes.

Most of the evening was devoted to the dance, or, as they call it, "the danza." It is in very slow time music, the steps apparently divided by eight. In some respects it is like a waltz. To the more active northerner these slow, languerous dances seem nothing more than a promenade to music, never fatiguing, as it permits of frequent stoppages for talk or flirtation.

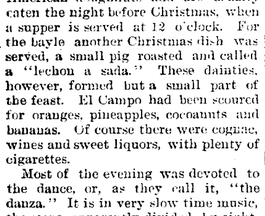
The zapateado is another dance peculiar to the country. It is also termed the danza el pais and is a slow jig danced by a man and a woman. He throws a large sombrero at her feet, and she, while dancing, stoops, picks it up and puts it on her head. Then she throws her small shawl or handkerchief at his feet, and he ties this around his waist. They exchange other favors and dance around each other until she seems to tire, when with a bow and a smile to him she waves her hand and takes a chair. Zapateado means to beat time with the sole of the shoe, and this little clapping is made to perfect time and is part of the dance. The music is quite fascinating, being in a minor key and in perfect rhythm.

Curious, too, are the musical instruments. In this age, when railroads are at their doors and perfected musical machines may be bought for a mere song, it was strange to see a musician handling a drum made by drawing an ox hide over a tub, while another improvises a horn out of an earthen bottle, with a hole on the side over which the hand plays to make the notes. A negro man had a long gourd, from which he drew weird music by scratching it with a bone. Maximo, the host, led this strange orchestra with an accordion, on which he had attained some skill.

It seemed like a scene from a dream, the house of palms hung in colored lanterns and gorgeous banderos, the delightful summer air in winter, the wonderful tropical moon in the clear blue sky. All night the dancers danced and the singers sang the quaint, weird songs of their little island. At sunrise all bade goodby to the still fresh and smiling host. Some wended their way on foot across country to their plantations. The wealthier had their conveyances, and the American visitors steamed away in a specially chartered freight car to the next town.

MAY BANKS STACEY.

Fixing the Date.



He—Name de day, oh, name de day.
She—Youse men is so impatient. Well, make it dis day ten years from now!—New York Journal.

Italy Quick to Learn.

The last issue of the Foglio d'Ordine, the official journal of the Italian navy, contains the following order:

"On battleships, as a general rule the use of wood will be abolished. The authorities will endeavor to carry out this principle at once on warships now in course of construction, and the same will be done gradually on the others whenever the opportunity presents itself, attention being paid to the detailed instructions which will be issued by circular."

This is said to be the first effect of the report of the American naval experts after the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron by the American fleet.

WEST POINT'S NEW CHIEF.

He Is Lieutenant Mills, Who Lost an Eye at San Juan Hill.

Lieutenant Albert L. Mills, the new superintendent of the National Military academy at West Point, is one of the heroes of San Juan. To this fact and to the fortunate circumstance of his being one of the first to give to President McKinley a personal description of that brilliant engagement, where almost every man was a hero, he owes his appointment.

Lieutenant Mills is the first officer of his grade to hold this position, which is considered one of the most important in the army and has often been given to major generals and brigadiers. He succeeds Lieutenant Colonel Hein, who was a captain in Mills' regiment.

When the war opened, Lieutenant Mills was in charge of the department of strategy and tactics at the United States milli-

LIEUTENANT ALBERT L. MILLS.

tary school at Fort Leavenworth. He applied for active duty and was made a captain of volunteers, being assigned as chief of staff on General Young's brigade, of which the rough riders were a part.

According to General Breckinridge's report, he "participated with distinguished gallantry and conspicuous ability in all engagements preceding the final surrender of Santiago, having with superhuman effort superintended the formation and continuance of the advance of this dismounted cavalry brigade upon the strongly intrenched position of the enemy at La Quasina, according to the prearranged plan of General Young."

During the fighting Captain Mills was shot through the head, losing an eye as a result. With another wounded rough rider he was promptly sent back to Washington. Both men were taken over to the White House by Secretary Alger to relate their experiences to the president, just as most of the earlier returning wounded men had been presented to the president at the time he was anxious to get accounts from eye-witnesses of the terrific fighting around Santiago. The other man, Sergeant Cosby, was commissioned a captain on the spot, but Captain Mills waited and received something better.

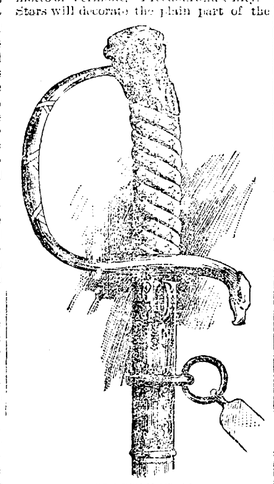
Captain Mills is 34 years old, a native of New York, and after 12 years' service in the grade of lieutenant was only just in sight of his promotion to a captaincy in the regular cavalry. Therefore in his appointment as superintendent of the United States Military academy, with rank of colonel, may be seen the president's recognition of the younger element of the regular army and its distinguished gallantry in battle.

A NATION'S GIFT.

Description of the Sword to Be Presented to Admiral Dewey.

The design for the sword which a grateful nation is to present to Admiral Dewey in recognition of his famous victory at Manila bay has at last been decided upon, and the work of making the gift is actually under way in the shop of a famous firm of New York jewelers. Of course it will be no ordinary sword. It will be gold mounted and set with diamonds. Nothing could be too rich, within the bounds of modesty, of course, for such a testimonial of national esteem.

On the tip and scabbard most of the ornamentation will be done. Encircling the top of the pommel will be a wreath of oak leaves. Immediately below this will be the gold "grip" of the hilt, as it is technically termed, on the back of the collar will be displayed the arms of the United States in gold, and just below will be shown the arms of Dewey's state, Vermont, in enamel, with a scroll bearing the motto of Vermont, "Freedom and Unity." Stars will decorate the plain part of the



THE DEWEY SWORD.

collar, and the "grip" of the hilt will be of sharkskin, inlaid with stars and bound with gold wire.

The guard of the hilt will be a conventionalized eagle terminating with a claw that clasps the top of the handle. One wing of the eagle is extended so as to form the broad part of the guard.

The scabbard will be of thin steel, beautifully damascened in gold with sprays of ros marinus and with the letter "D" repeated again and again, supplemented with dolphins. The blade also will be damascened and will bear the following inscription:

"The Gift of the Nation to Rear Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., in Memory of the Victory at Manila Bay, May 1, 1898."

Paradox.

"I want to know what you meant," said the orator, "by calling my speech a geometrical paradox. I acknowledge that you have been too many for me."

"I meant," the editor of the Jazoville Gazette explained, "that it had length and thickness, but no breadth."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One Good Use Anyway.

Parsons—What did that museum freak with the iron jaw want to enlist for?

Recruit—Oh, we found him very useful at Santiago. He cut barbed wire fences with his teeth.—New York Journal.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

Horse Show Gowns Which Will Set the Styles.

THE FURRIERS ARE ALREADY BUSY

Although Long In Advance of the Wintry Days, the Fur Garments For the Coming Season Are Ready For Inspection—Acme of Cost and Comfort.

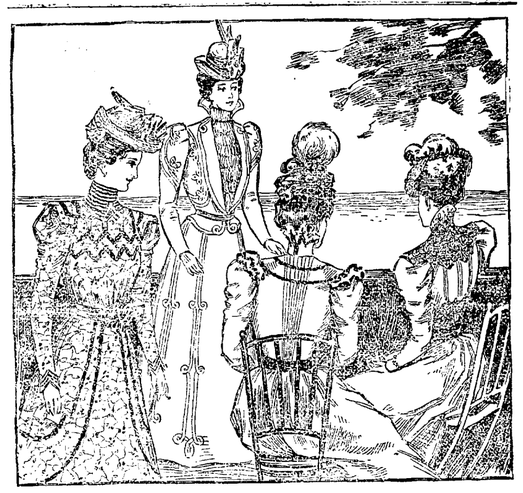
[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

This week has been full to overflowing with new things for fall and cold winter. A few days ago one's eyes pulled upon the dainty and filmy summer muslins, and now that like the flowers they are passing into the land of forgetfulness they suddenly take on a new beauty, and one hastens to see the last of them.

How few days it will be now before the great show windows which have been graced with the sweetness and light of the flimsy gowns, the thistle down parasols and the lovely flowers, ribbons and lace will change to the sober colors of autumn! It is a curious thing to me to note that even while the delicate summer attire is still on view the furs which are not to be publicly worn before November, however great this uncertain climate may tempt one, are ready for the preliminary inspection. By that I mean that the furriers send out sealed invitations to their preferred customers who flock in from their country or seaside homes to take their pick before the general public is allowed to see them.

Often a wealthy lady will pay four prices for a fur garment on condition that it shall not be duplicated. The dealer may not break faith, but somehow the secret leaks out, and a rival may produce one so very near the first that it seems difficult to think it a mere coincidence.

I heard of a lady who fainted away at a grand function when she met a hated rival in a gown the exact reproduction of her own. The other lady was nearly as much vexed also, as each supposed she had the only gown of that kind in the world



FOR DRESSY EARLY AUTUMN WEAR.

Now, I should think everybody would like to know that others were taking just as much comfort, but they don't.

To return to the furs, there was a time when to have a plain jacket, cloak or cape was enough. It was lined with quilted satin and had a small turn down collar. Not so now. No self respecting lady will even look at a fur garment that has not more of luxury than plain, simple fur. There must be rolls and bands of other fur set upon the fur garment. The collar must be a spreading puff, fur without and fur within, with perhaps the edge bound with a different kind. Jabot fronts are made of fur, and serpentine ruffles are seen on others.

The fur capes are cut in two distinct styles. One is the narrow empire shape fitted closely to the shoulders and hanging almost without folds. The other has the military form, but is very full, enough so to fall in deep folds. This military style is the one having the fur jabot down the front.

Some of the empire shapes have serpentine ruffles reaching to the throat and all around the bottom. These are certainly stylish. Some have yokes with vandyked points of a different kind of fur, and really it would be easier to say what is not than what is to be in the matter of fur trimmings.

Bands, rolls and all sorts of applications of fur will be used on the woolen gowns for winter more than ever before. A new effect has been found in using narrow rolls of close fur like beaver and curled astrakhanlike braid and applying it to skirts and full costumes in curved and other fanciful designs. The new wool coats with their close frieze effects look remarkably well and rich with such trimmings.

The shapes of the new fur garments vary greatly. The half long reefer is a nice shape for young women, being jaunty and stylish. Russian blouses of curled and moire astrakhan are seen in large numbers. These are all fitted with the lower portion, making of them what one might call blouse jackets. A few are made of seal and quite a number of imitation beaver dyed a seal brown. This is really raccoon skin with the long, coarse hairs plucked out, and then the beautiful downy fur beneath clipped to resemble beaver. For ordinary purses electric seal will be provided in plenty.

I would advise all who cannot afford the real seal to take the imitation beaver, as that is durable and handsome, while the so called electric seal shows its plebeian ancestry in a few days, and before the season is over the garment looks like a singed and bedraggled cat. It is whispered that poor little rabbits yield up their skins for the electric seal capes.

The furs of the season are, first and dearest, sable, next seal, then ermine and mink, black marten, Persian lamb, beaver, tibet, moullon and chinchilla, besides all the foxes, and for trimmings bear, black, gray and white lynx and, last but not by any means least, Alaska sable. This is one of the handsomest as well as most satisfactory furs for band trimming. There are rainbow tints glinting in the long black hairs and soft browns shading to black in the underlying fur. These qualities seem to adapt it to any color, and any complexion. Ladies will scarcely credit it, but cats and rats and dogs and monkeys are all laid under contribution for their furs, as well as the animals mentioned above.

While combinations of two or more styles of fur are made in many of the most costly garments, those made of one fur only are far more elegant and refined. Black or very dark furs are favorites and will in this respect fit in admirably with the new departure in dress goods, which are overwhelmingly black. Some very handsome blouse jackets for young ladies are made of broadcloth or perhaps velvet, and lined throughout with fur. The revers are so arranged as to show the fur lining, and on moderate days the whole front will be rather ostentatiously thrown open to show the fur. The sleeves are much smaller.

Where the blouses or handsome jackets are made of expensive cloth, braid is applied in many styles. In the first place there are many styles of braid, each being well known to womankind by its specific appellation—soutache, hercules, titus, silk and mohair flat, metal flats, serpentine and passementerie. This last is shown in most beautiful designs. It is made of two or three of the other kinds wrought into designs more or less elaborate and sewed together on the wrong side. Thus at little trouble a lady may richly trim a new gown or freshen up an old one. Very many devices in military style are offered all prepared and tacked to cardboard. There are frogs and loops, all sorts of breloques and pendants, cords and epaulets. They are really beautiful and give distinction to a plain waist or jacket.

A very refined and elegant idea in tailor costumes is in two shades of gray, and also in tan and brown. The body of the suit is in the lighter shade, and around the bottom of the skirt is a wide band of dark, with one narrow line of black, soutache. The jacket was bordered in the same way and had collar and revers of the dark; also a tight vest. The tan and brown made a more striking gown. Military blue in dark shade is to prevail as far as colors are concerned for gowns.

There is also a new sort of deep plum color, which I think exceptionally handsome, but it is black, which we will all cry for this season, though there are and will be many plaids and other colored goods worn.

The Louis XVI styles are to obtain this season in the way of jackets and other matters. Vests are fixed facts, some being of stiff stuff and tight and others shirred or puffed. China crape is the favorite of the soft stuffs for this purpose. It is also delicately trimmed with very narrow ribbon fulled on one edge and set on in scroll design. Sometimes this is picked out with very fine pearl beads.

The front breadth of some home dresses are to be made so, and I saw a few dainty tea jackets of china crape. Sand color is the latest tint, and this is very delicate and refined in china crape. There is cloth of the same color, and tailor suits are made of the cloth with crape vest. Directoire styles are also seen in the cut of many of the finest tailor and visiting gowns. This, with the boiero and the Louis XVI jacket, are all to be seen on nice costumes.

As we are not exactly yet in the season of furs and velvets, we may speak of the early autumn gowns. The horse show brings out the prettiest of these gowns and wraps. A leading house is preparing busily for this function and is finishing gowns to grace its opening night.

I saw one cadet blue taffeta shot with white. The skirt had an applique of cream lace, and the waist had the same and a crush belt of dark blue satin tied in a bow. There was a figured forbid the ground shade. The trimming consisted of black chantilly insertion on waist and Davey flounce and on the tulip leaf collar. Another girlish dress for a debutante was of venus pink taffeta, with clover leaves and broken branches. This, too, was lavishly trimmed with very narrow black lace. A tailor suit was in oyster colored cloth with an open blouse basque with a pure white shirred vest. The whole was trimmed with flat mohair braid in the suspicion of a shade darker.

If it should be cool when the show opens, there will be the new box coat three-quarter length, with three to six little coachman's capes over the shoulders.

There are still a number of crepon effects among the very newest of the gowns, but the most of them depend more on a separate waist than on a full suit for their popularity. Drapery for skirts still advances, and I have seen several instances of apron and shawl draperies, and one dress of rich poplin had regular polonaise drapery. It looked very oddly there alone, but the princess shape of the waist took away its reproach and made it a thing of beauty.

MATE LEROY.

How She Coaxed Johnnie.

"I think," said the pastor, who was making a call, "that it is easier to coax children than to drive them. Gentle words are more effective than harsh ones."

"I think so, too," said the lady tenderly. And when the clergyman had gone she raised the window suddenly and shouted, "Johnnie, if you don't come in out of that mud puddle, I'll break your back for you, you young scamp!"—Roxbury Gazette.

THE SONG OF THE SEVEN.

"I'll spin you a yarn,"
Said the old Jack Tar;
"I'll spin you a yarn," said he.
"An it ain't no tale
Of a screechin gale
That yells fer joy as it splits a sail
An swashes the briny over the rail;
It ain't—but, lad, it's a movin tale;
It's a movin tale," said he.

"One bloomin night,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"One bloomin black night," said he.
"The battleships lay
Near the Dago bay,
Near the mouth of the channel to Dago bay
An eight brave chaps they swore to belay
All chance of the Spaniards gettin away
From the Dago bay," said he.

"These eight brave chaps,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Shivered off in the gloom," said he.
"An Davy Jones
He rattled his bones
(We listened an heard his dismal groans)
'I've got 'em,' says Dave in deep sea tones—
He's a knowin old cuss is Davy Jones,
Is Davy Jones," said he

"But the eight sailed on,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Sailed up to the guns," said he;
"They sailed so well
That, truth to tell,
They sunk their ship in the channel's swell
To keep them Spaniards there a spell.
'Twas a night in the folks'l deck of hell,
A night in hell!" said he.

"But days have passed,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"An it's different now," said he.
"Of the eight brave chaps
The shoulder straps
He gets shore leave, an he packs his traps
(The cap'n he orders it so perhaps),
An the girls fer him they sets their caps.
They sets their caps," said he.

"He's wined an dined,"
Said the old Jack Tar.
"But what of the seven f" said he.
"Now a pretty miss
An a longshore kiss,
A rousin smack of a soundin kiss,
To a plain young Jack ain't none amiss,
But the seven don't seem to be in on this,
Ain't in on this," said he.

"Who beached the seven?"
Said the old Jack Tar;
"Who doused their glim?" said he.
"Fergot by fame!
It's a bloomin shame
I say it's the devil's own bloomin shame
That you can't call out the seven by name!
Come on, now hearties, name the same.
Can you name the same?" said he.
—Baltimore American.

She Was Costly.

Father-in-law—When I give you my daughter, I give you the costliest thing on earth.

Groom—For heaven's sake, what does she cost a month, and why didn't you tell me so before?—New York World.

HER PURSE IS OPEN.

SOME OF THE MANY BENEFACTIONS OF MISS HELEN GOULD.

A Generous and Patriotic American Heiress Who Has Devoted Herself to the Needs of the Soldier Boys—Ever Since the War Opened.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

Once more Miss Helen Gould has won for herself distinction as a generous hearted and patriotic American woman; once more has she placed to the best advantage a portion of the Gould millions and added another to the long list of her generosities. Her most recent act of this nature is a gift of $25,000 for the relief of the sick soldiers at the various camps throughout the country, more particularly the camp at Montauk Point. This last gift unquestionably places her at the head of the list of patriotic con-

MISS HELEN GOULD.

tributors who divide the honors in the noble work of aiding to save the lives of those stricken by disease or bullet in their country's cause.

Miss Gould of late years has been identified in many a movement calculated to benefit the suffering and the poor. Her acts of generosity range all the way from money contributions to entertaining the poor, and especially the children of the poor, at her own home. She cannot be accused of eccentricity in her acts of charity, for if ever a woman is careful to distinguish between the deserving and the undeserving that woman is Miss Helen Gould. She is a new woman in one sense of the word, but not in the sense from which humorists derive an inexhaustible stock of wit. She believes in the ballot for women, holding that suffrage would dignify and elevate her sex, but she does not carry her ideas to extremes. She is an advocate of woman's rights, but an advocate of a very different type from Mrs. Mary Walker.

One of the most beneficent of her many acts of kindness and one deserving especial mention was the founding at Woodycrest, three miles out of Tarrytown, N. Y., of a home for 25 children rescued from poverty and disease. This home is maintained at no small annual expense to the generous woman. The children are selected each year from the hospitals and missions of New York. If incurable, but possessing a chance for life and work, they are not rejected, but taken to the cozy retreat in the woods and placed in the care of a most motherly matron. Then if they are able to become self supporting Miss Gould sees that they have a chance.

Ostentatious charity never enters into the scheme. When the children go to Woodycrest, they find a real home there, a place of refuge from the world wherein they are so heavily handicapped. Many a little heart has beat the lighter because of Miss Gould's presence in the world, been filled with gladness and joy in the depths of this sylvan retreat.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain Miss Gould became, under protest, one of the most talked of women in America by a gift of $100,000 to the government to be used for war purposes. The gift was accepted officially by Ellis H. Roberts, United States treasurer, and Miss Gould's name went on record as a patriot with a large heart and an open purse. Ever since the first day of the war she has watched the progress of events with a keen eye. On June 8 she supplemented her first gift by donating $1,000 to the national relief fund. When the hospital ship Relief was fitted out, $500 of the Gould fortune went into it. A few days later she presented $500 to the Woman's Relief association and on Aug. 12 told Colonel Farwood to draw on her for any amount he might require for the sick soldiers. Then came another donation of $1,000 and most recently the gift of $25,000 to the Women's Relief association.

Thus her total gifts in connection with the war approximate almost $130,000, and there is no telling what further act of generosity she has in mind.

The hospitals wherein the sick and wounded heroes are being treated are indebted to her in another manner. As is well known, Miss Gould is an ardent lover of flowers. The conservatories of her country seat at Irvington-on-Hudson are marvels of beauty, heterogeneous masses of palms, ferns, orchids and native floral triumphs of every description. She has drawn liberally from these realms of beauty, and many a humble soldier's cot is adorned with flowers that money could not buy. She visits the hospitals and comes for a better knowledge, as she says, of the needs of the men. In short, this woman of wealth, position, influence, has put for the present a great part of her time at the disposal of her country's defenders.

MILDRED MERRIAM.

Not Dressed For the Occasion.

"So you knew he was a burglar the minute you saw him?"

"Of course. It was after midnight and he had a sack coat on."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Swedish Philosophy.

Sometime or tak a father's life
To learn hae es hot en et
Yen ef hae var not quite so smart
Hae bern et en a minut.

Yo' can always mak faller mat by tellin hem hes clothes do not fit—et es poorty mean trick too.

Ven te devil gets hes dues, des country vill not bane so thickly settle—aye bat yo' sax dollars on das.

Ven ve haf haf gut lock for leetla vile, ve always tank et has com' to stay, an sometems get disappoint lak deekens.

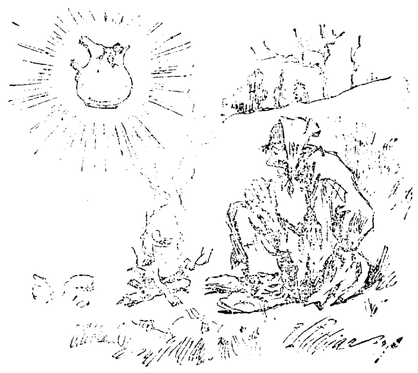
Ven Aye bar poor faller yumpin on rich faller, aye always tank how quick hae vould change ef hae had some rich relation to die for hem.

Aye lak faller ven hae getten ole yust because hae lak leetla children. Ef man hate leetla babies, aye vould hate to marry hem, yo' bat yore life.—Denver Times.

HE WANTED EXCITEMENT.

She—Did papa give his consent to your marrying me?
He—Yes, but he made me join his poker club.
She—What for?
He—He said I'd get his money anyway, and that he might as well have some excitment in parting with it.

She—Have you Browning?
He—No Miss, but we've a very fine grade of blacking.



TRAMP'S LAMENT.

Sez I to Dose brooeries is gittin' ter be great advertisers
Dey is goin' so far as to trow pictures of 'groolers' on de sun Oh! Would I were a buird.

HE GOT IT.

Weary Willie—Say, Dusty, you wants to strike dot house frum yer wisitin' list.
Dusty Rhodes—Why?
Weary Willie—Cos' I axed 'em fer hot sausage 'en dey sicked de dog on me.

SELECTIONS

TRAVEL IN OLDEN DAYS.

Quaint Rules For Tourists In a Fifteenth Century Guidebook.

A fifteenth century guidebook may be found among the treasures of the Bodleian library. The writer of the book was one William Wey, "some time fellow of the Royal College of the most blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor," and afterward an inmate of the house of the Austin friars at Edyngdon in Wiltshire. It was for his religious brethren that he compiled this work, and in the library of their house the manuscript reposed while the library remained intact. This guidebook begins with a prefatory note giving the "chaunges of money from England to Rome and Venyse," for, as the author explains, "Doketys, grotys, grossettis and soldys of Venyse wyl go wel in Surrey (Syria), that ys to saye in the Holy Londe and none other wythoute grete losse."

Then follows what is called "a prevysyoun," which is a medley of very sound advice to pilgrims for their comfort on the voyage from Venice to Yafa. The aspiring pilgrim is warned if he goes in a galley to make his "covenaunte with the patrone by tyme;" "to choose a place in the seyd galey in the overest stage for in the lawyst under, hyt ys ryght smolderyng hote and stynkyng," and that his proper fare is 40 ducats.

He is recommended to bargain with the "patrone" to have every day hot meat twice, at two meals—viz, at dinner and at supper—and to see that he has good wine and fresh water and "bysceete." However, as one might nowadays recommend a traveler to take a tea basket and a box from Huntley & Palmer, our author advises his readers to take provisions of various kinds with them to make their collation, for, as he says, "sum tyme ye schal have febyl bred wyne and stynkyng water, many tymes ye schal be ful fayne to ete of youre owne."

Various "confortatuys laxatyuys restoratyuys," etc., and cooking utensils are recommended, and in particular the pilgrim should buy a bed beside St. Mark's church in Venice. He will get for 3 ducats a feather bed, mattress, two pillows, two pairs of sheets and a quilt, and when he returns to Venice again he will be able to resell them for a ducat and a half. Half a dozen hens or chickens in a cage are also a useful provision for the journey.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Gas Escape Detector.

A novel method of ascertaining the point of escaping gas is practiced in Ghent. The outfit consists of a large hand drill or auger, several hollow tubes or pipes of the required length, a few corks fitted with quills through the center, a bottle of crpalladina, and a few bits of white paper. Several paving blocks are removed over the gas main, holes are bored in the soil, and in each is planted a piece of the hollow piping. On the upper exposed end one of the corks is placed, with the quill in the center running up and down parallel with the pipe.

A small piece of the white paper is dipped in the crpalladium and pushed into the open quill—20 or 30 such detectors being put in position at one time—and if a leak exists within, say, two yards of them, the effect of the escaping gas will be evident upon the paper, rendered sensitive by the reagent, and it will at once turn black. The effect of the action of the gas upon the detector first placed in position becomes evident before the last one of a row of 20 is set up. The gas company of Ghent causes regular tests to be made in turn in all the streets of the city, and the loss by leakage is said not to exceed 3 per cent.

Cruel Treatment of the Alaskan Dog.

The Alaskan dog is almost human in intelligence. He weighs about 100 pounds. Heavily laden he will travel 60 miles a day.

With 20 dogs in a team no two of them are in a straight line from the driver. When unhitched for the night, they pile upon the first blanket that is thrown upon the snow and there they stay. When you crawl into your sleeping bag and pull a robe over it, the dog will get under the robe. Unless you are careful he will be inside the bag in the morning. Their endurance is phenomenal, and they are capable of strong affections. They are great fighters.

A teacher who recently returned from Alaska says of the treatment accorded these faithful animals:

"The whip that is used on them is the cruelest thing of its kind that is known to man. Thirty feet in length and two inches thick near the short handle, it has a lash ten feet long that cuts like a knife. The Russian knows isn't in it. When a dog is struck, you hear a sharp yelp, and then your sleigh whirls past a bit of fur or possibly a large piece of bloody skin lying on the snow."—St. Paul Dispatch.

The World's Strife.

A life that is to be active ought to find refreshment in the midst of labors—nay, to draw refreshment from them; but this it cannot do unless the man can take up the varied employments of the world with something of a childlike freshness. It is that especial light of heaven described by Wordsworth in his immortal ode, that light

Which lies about us in our infancy,

which attends the youth upon his way, but at length

The man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

Its radiance still plays about those few who strive earnestly to keep themselves unspotted from the world and are victors in the strife.—Gladstone.

How They Differ.

When the boy asked the difference between a reform and a practical politician, the old gentleman coughed two or three times before replying. There is likely to be a good deal underlying even the simplest question, you know.

"A reform politician," he said at last, "is one who, even though misguided, seeks to do something for the public, while a practical politician, always misguided, is one who seeks to have the public do something for him."—Chicago Post.

An Explanation Ready.

"Hannah!" exclaimed the very young housekeeper, "how in the world did you happen to bring home black bass when I told you to get bluefish?"

"Well, miss," was the answer, after some consideration, "I reckens I mus hab dis yere 'fliction I hyuhd yer read in 'bout. I's color blind."—Washington Star.

As to Feathertop.

"I know young Feathertop is not brilliant, but I always like to have him around. He's a man of such a good figure."

"Yes, I suppose you could call him that. He's a perfect cipher."

IS IT CURABLE?

A Question Often Asked by Those Afflicted With Piles.

Is a strained joint curable? Is local inflamation curable? Of course, if properly treated. So is piles.

People become afflicted with piles and ask some old "chronic" who has always persisted in the wrong treatment and naturally he discourages them by telling them that their case is hopeless.

They in turn discourage others, and thus a disease that can in every case be cured by careful and skillful handling is allowed to sap the energy of thousands who might free themselves of the trouble in a few days.

Pyramid Pile Cure will cure the most aggravated case of hemorrhoids in an astonishingly short time. It relieves the congested parts, reduces the tumors instantly, no matter how large, allays the inflammation and stops the aching or itching at once.

Thousands who have resorted to expensive surgical treatment have been cured by the Pyramid Pile Cure—in a number of instances persons who had spent months in a hospital under a pile specialist.

It is a remedy that none need fear to apply even to the most aggravated swollen and inflamed hemorrhoidal tumors.

If you are afflicted with this stubborn disease you can master it and master it quickly.

This remedy is no longer an experiment, but a medical certainty. It is manufactured by the Pyramid Pile Co., of Marshall, Mich.

Druggists sell it at 50 cents per box. It is becoming the most popular pile cure the country has ever known and druggists everywhere are ordering it for their customers.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

I commenced using your Ramon's Liver Pills & Tonic Pellets the first of December, 1896, for Heart and Liver trouble. I will never forget the good they have done me. I could not sleep, was short of breath and in fact, could not work any. I have used a few boxes and today I feel as well as I ever did in my life.—G. M. Britton, Holbrook, W. V.—For sale by Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun St. aug30eod1m

A LOCAL [illegible] Affection

Nothing but a local remedy or a change of climate will cure it. Get a well known pharmaceutical remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and [illegible] No Injurious drug. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c., at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

[illegible] from Pennsylvania Stat[illegible]
Warren Indiana

[illegible]	[illegible]
*6 30 a m	*3 40 p m
*9 05 a m	
*7 00 a.m	*5 40 a.m
*1 10 p.m	†7 30 a.m
*2 45 p.m	†12 15 p.m
*9 25 p.m. Limited	* 4 30 p.m
*1055 p m	* 7 05 p m
From Crestline	*10 p.m.

RAPIDS & INDIANA R[illegible]
In effect Sept. 5th, 1898.

[illegible] Rapids sou north	1 45 pm
[illegible]	8 [illegible] am
From Bier mond arrive	4 [illegible] pm
SOUTH BOUND	
[illegible] Bier mond [illegible]	5 [illegible]
[illegible]	7 [illegible] pm
From Grand Rapids arrive [illegible]	7 10 pm

*Daily †Daily except [illegible] a.m.

NICKEL PLATE

All trains arrive at and depart from Van Buren Street Union Passenger Station, Chicago.

Uniformed Colored Porters attend first and second class day coaches on through trains, insuring scrupulously clean cars enroute.

All Nickel Plate Passenger Trains Daily.

EASTBOUND FROM FT. WAYNE.	DEPART
Standard Express, No. 5	3 25
Nickel Plate Express, No. 1	8 10
Eastern Express, No. 6	8 30
Local Freight	12 25
WESTBOUND FROM FT. WAYNE.	DEPART
Standard Express, No. 1	2 45
Western Express, No. 3	11 15
Nickel Plate Express, No. 5	4 40
Local Freight	12 05

†Daily except Sunday. Light type A. M. Dark type P. M.

Through Drawing Room Sleeping Cars on Nos. 2, 4 and 6 to Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York and Boston; on Nos. 1, 3 and 5 to Chicago.

Meals are served at "up-to-date" Dining Stations and in Nickel Plate Dining Cars at opportune meal hours.

WABASH

Time Table Effective June 19th
From Fort Wayne

GOING EAST

No. 2	Fast Eastern Express, daily	9:15 a.m
No. 20	Toledo accommodation daily	6.58 a.m.
No. 6	New England Fast Mail daily	11.50 a.m
No. 24	Atlantic Express, ex. Sunday	6:40 p.m

GOING WEST.

No. 25	St. Louis Day Express, ex. Sun	8:25 a.m
No. 7	Kansas City Cannon Ball, daily	12:35 M
No. 1	Government Fast Mail, daily	6:30 a.m
No. 3	St. Louis Limited, daily	8:15 p m
No. 18	Fort Wayne Accom. Sunday only	11:50 p m

Telephone, Bell Home No. 6.

FINDLAY, FT. WAYNE & WESTERN R[illegible]

Time Card in Effect Dec 20, 97

Lv. Fort Wayne [illegible]	9 00 a.m	7 55 p.m.
Ar. Findlay	10 40 a.m.	10 30 p.m
Ar. Columbus via. T & O C Ry	2 30 p.m.	
Mixed train leaves Fort Wayne	8 30 a.m.	

All trains run daily, except Sunday.

[illegible] TIME TABLE

[illegible]

SOUTH	
[illegible]	[illegible] a m
[illegible]	[illegible] a m
[illegible]	[illegible] p m
[illegible]	5 40 p m

[illegible] RAILWAY

No. 462 Way Freight	5 25 am
No. 36 [illegible] Express and Mail	11 05 am
No. 470 Detroit and Indiana Express	3 50 pm
NORTHWARD	DEPART
No. 463 Way Freight	9 45 am
No. 35 Through Express & Mail	11 45 am
[illegible] Detroit & Indiana Express	6 40 pm